

The Two Dark Lords

A/N: This story is written because of a challenge (3) from the Writing Center III.

A/N: I feel extra ordinary sadistically today and tell you the pairing. Harry is paired up with Millicent Bulstrode, Pansy Parkinson and the last, but not the least, Nymphadora Tonks. I truly hope that everyone is shocked. And now some words about the story itself. We are having a very intelligent, cunning and evil Albus Dumbledore and of course our favorite Tom Riddle, aka Voldemort and not to forget Harry James Potter and the girls. The story starts with a prelude of Dumbledore sitting in his office.

A/N: This chapter is edited by Dave

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Chapter 01 - Prelude

Albus Dumbledore was watching the sunset through his large window in his office sitting behind his desk. He plopped another lemon drop in his mouth and was sucking it thoughtfully. The situation with Voldemort was getting out of hand, he thought and frowned. He never planned that to happen and could not help to wonder why it went so wrong. What exactly had gone wrong that dreadful night? He planned the killing of the Potters so carefully and he had used Tom to do the dirty work as usual, but who could expect such outcome?

Dumbledore had no idea that the Prophecy - made by the local lunatic and fraud - could be true. When he heard the prophecy that time, he decided immediately to keep the woman close, because you never know what could happen. He, the greatest wizard all times, was aware of the big magical occurrences in the world and when he heard the fraud making her prophecy, he had the feeling that this was the announcement of something big. And he was right! Something big had happened. His control over Tom went haywire and he now had a serious problem.

Dumbledore knew that he was many times more powerful than Tom ever could be, but the prophecy made the situation with Tom very

dangerous for him. He knew if he would confront Tom at this moment that he would not succeed, even though he - the great Albus Dumbledore - was much stronger than him. There was only one person alive who was able to destroy Tom and that was Harry Potter.

Harry Potter ... the boy-who-lived, the destroyer of Dark Lord ... and he began to snigger. Dark Lord? What a joke that was. His Tom was not the Dark Lord and now he laughed loudly. Tom was not *the* Dark Lord, he was the one and only. Then his laughing died down and he frowned. That damned prophecy was talking about having a power the Dark Lord did not know and knowing who the Dark Lord really was, he was wondering what exactly that power was. And again he was thinking about trying to kill the boy again, but then on the other hand he was not sure. What would happen if he did kill Potter? Potter would be dead and good riddance with that ... but what could happen if the Dark Lord mentioned in the prophecy was not him, but Tom? And if that was the case, then he could not kill the Potter brat, because he could only be killed by Tom himself!

Dumbledore sighed.

If he tried to kill Potter, but Potter could only be killed by Tom, then he would fail; the outcome would be disastrous and unpredictable for him. If he did try to kill Tom, but Tom could only be killed by Potter, then he would fail too ... and Tom was a very dangerous man. If he would bring Tom and Potter together again and then let them kill each other, that might work theoretically, but he already had tried to do that many times, and every time the outcome was different.

And what would happen if Potter was killed, but Tom is the one mentioned in the prophecy? He would be indestructible and unbeatable. All his plans for so many years would be gone and there would be no way to stop Tom.

Dumbledore sighed again.

According to his latest studies in the '*Mysteries in Time*', a volume written by Merlin himself, it was possible to transfer a subject of Prophecy to its offspring, as long as certain aspects of the subject's killing were being observed.

That would be a possible solution in this situation. It would not be a permanent one, but it would give him more time. It would give him many years to study the situation and to find a solution to the problem of the prophecy.

The Potter brat would be sixteen years old this summer. Only one more year before he would be an adult and then he would be out of direct control and that would be dangerous. Dumbledore knew that he had to act now ... this summer would be the time for his final decision. He could not allow this situation to continue, because if he did not do anything, the brat would be able to claim his birthright and if the brat could be unexpectedly become bright, the brat would be able to keep himself out of his control.

Or he would bring Tom to the brat and let them fight it out and see what would happen. That was dangerous! If they were prophesized to each other, then he – Dumbledore – had a serious problem. So that would be out of the question.

Or he could kill the Potter brat, but here was also the danger of the prophecy. When he himself was not the subject of the prophecy, then he would fail for sure and then the situation could blow up straight in his face. That was also not good.

But there was another solution, that would gain him some time at least and more control. He could force the brat to produce some offspring and then he could perform the ritual mentioned in Merlin's book; Potter would be for sure not the subject of the Prophecy anymore and he could kill him without any risk; Potter's offspring would carry the prophecy. That was a much more elegant solution for this mess, he thought.

Yes, that would be the ideal solution for this mess with the prophecy. The only thing that must be done was getting Potter and some girls together and let them produce offspring. When they will give birth of new Potter's, he would kill all of them, except two Potter brats and keep them locked up somewhere.

Dumbledore was not sure if the Potter brat was able to produce any offspring, because of all the years of abuse by his so called family. He took care that the brat was abused by the Dursley's, but this might

be a problem now. By abusing the boy, the boy could be damaged! And on the other side he could produce indeed offspring, but with what quality? Maybe he would be able to produce only squibs! If that was the case, that would be a big disaster and what could he do about it?

He could find a good pureblood girl, but that was not a guarantee that the Potter brat would be healthy and powerful enough to fight Tom. Using a muggle born was out of the question, because the unknown sides of a Muggleborn witch, which he could not control. Muggleborn witches were still a mystery for everyone in the Magical World. Nobody knew why Muggleborn witches and wizards were born and where they came from.

Was it a mutation or was it something else ... something deeper that nobody knew. And those witches were many times stronger than the pureblood witches. Dumbledore knew that the Muggleborn witches were good for the gene pool in the wizarding world, but that was the only good thing about them. He did not trust the Muggleborns at all, but as usual, he did not dare to take a risk, especially a risk with so many unknowns. If he would be sure that killing Muggleborns would be without risks, he would let Tom finish his job.

Dumbledore did not like the risk and he did not get so old and experienced as he was by taking risks that he could avoid. He decided to spread it and get the brat multiple wives. In this way the chance that the brat would produce only squibs was smaller. Now the question was which witches he could choose for this task? And how did he manage to get the brat multiple wives?

Dumbledore knew that hundred years ago it was common to begin harems in the wizarding world, but in these times, harems were rare. The last harem happened to be exactly hundred and fifteen years ago, and since then nobody tried again. He grimaced. He remembered very well how that went!

Dumbledore's face lit up in realization. Of course! The Goblins! He could use them to get the Potter brat a harem! He was the last in line and heir to the enormous Potter's fortunes! Because he was the last

in line, the only surviving member of the Potter's family, he could suggest to the Goblins to force the boy into a harem!

Dumbledore had enough power and control over the Goblins to force them to comply and he suspected that the Goblins were only glad to do so, because it would mean fortunes for them too. Arranging the marriage contracts for the arranged marriages meant one hundred thousand Galleons for the Goblins – for each marriage. And not to forget, he was the brat's magical guardian, and could approve everything by default. He had nothing but the best interest for the health and wellbeing for the brat, no? And it would be his duty as magical guardian to arrange something like this and to guarantee the continuation of the Potter's family line, no? That would be his story to the Weasley's and the rest of the Magical world.

Now, let's see who could be perfect for the brat. There were of course the Weasley's and their youngest girl Ginerva. She would be ideal, except for her mother. He was the greatest and most powerful wizard in the world, but even he was wary about Molly Weasley and her exploding temper when something unpleasant happened to her and her family. No, she was much too protective of the Brat and her daughter. No, he needed someone else.

Then there was that Granger girl, but she was Muggleborn and out of the question.

Let me see, he must search for the more traditional families, the pureblood families; not those free thinking freaks like the Patil's and Brown's. Well, who were here at Hogwarts and belonged to the purebloods? There were purebloods in the Slytherin house that could be suitable... and maybe some of them in Ravenclaw?

Well, there was Bulstrode, Millicent Bulstrode. He knew Baron Bulstrode personally, and he was a real pureblood and his daughter was a pureblood too. At least she was one witch who knew her place in the magical world. And he had control over the Baron, because Dumbledore himself helped him to gain control over the magical menageries, so that the Baron could earn some money to save his family from bankruptcy.

Yes, Millicent Bulstrode sounded very good for his purpose. But there were more girls in her year, no?

Tracey Davis was pureblood as well, but too poor and had no real power. Her father was a Death Eater and he was already in Azkaban. No, that girl would not do; her parents had no power at all.

Then there was the Greengrass girl ... what's her name again? Yes, Daphne Greengrass, but there was something he did not like about that family. The Greengrass were a pureblood family for sure, but they had too much of an interest in the muggle world and that was potentially dangerous, so this girl was out of the question.

Ah, the Parkinson girl, Pansy. She would be perfect. He controlled her parents, she was a real pureblood and perfect for his plan. Yes, Pansy Parkinson would do perfectly.

There was that girl Mandy Brocklehurst, but they were a pureblood family with some economical power, but none of it political. That would not do.

Let's see, there was Su Li, coming from China and not attractive for this cause. Then there was Morag McDaugal, the Scottish pureblood girl with some local political power and would also not much to help him with this problem.

Then there was Lisa Turpin in the Potter's brat year, she might do, except that her family was almost gone. Her parents were killed in Tom's latest raid and the only ones who were left was her grandmother and even if she was a real pureblood, it would not do.

Well, there were others as well, and one of them sounded very interesting. And that was Nymphadora Tonks. She was of course older than the brat, but she was the last available female of the Black family, pureblood as possible. She was half-blood herself, but that was not a problem in this case.

Dumbledore knew that Sirius Black left behind a huge heritage and the infamous vaults of the Black's family treasures and he knew that Sirius left everything to Harry, including the access to any property the Black's had and he also knew that it could be a problem when the

reading came of the last will of Sirius, because Harry was not a Black family member by blood. That would mean that the Malfoy's could claim the heritage and when that would happen, that would mean that the Malfoy's would become too powerful for his own sake and that would not be a good idea.

If he could manage to bind Nymphadora Tonks to the Potter brat, he would be ensured that the Black family Magic would stay under his control, because he controlled the Potter brat.

Dumbledore started to smile slowly. He liked what he came up with. He had Millicent Bulstrode, Pansy Parkinson and Nymphadora Tonks as possible wives for Potter. He controlled Bulstrode fully, the Parkinson family he would control soon ... in fact he would control them this afternoon, because he knew something very interesting about Paul Parkinson, the Patriarch of the family and Dumbledore smirked. The naughty man, he thought. If he would release that information, it would be the end of the man and his family. And then we have dear Nymphadora Tonks, who was part of the order and she would be harder to handle, unless he could manage to bind her to the brat.

Dumbledore took another lemon drop and sucked it happily. Yes, that would be the best for everyone.

Today he would take care of the Bulstrode's and Parkinson's, and then he would bind Nymphadora to the brat and get the Wizengamot order the birth of a harem and then go to the Goblins. Dumbledore was sure he could have everything ready before the day was finished and tonight he would bring the happy news to Harry.

Dumbledore looked thoughtful for a moment before he started to smile, sucking on his lemon drop happily. Yes, he had a good feeling about this. He could feel that he had made the right choice. He would not only have control over the Potter's and Black fortunes, but the Bulstrode's and Parkinson's too. If he would be able to get hold of those fortunes, then that would make his life-goal easier then ever before.

He felt the feeling of euphoria welling up in him, just like it had so many years ago when he killed the maker of the Philosopher Stone

and his teacher, Nicolas Flamel. When Nicolas discovered what was really going on in his head, he attempted to kill him right on the spot. But he, the greatest wizard of all times, was not sleeping that moment; no, not sleeping at all. He was able to hit Flamel on his nose and kill him with only one cutting curse. Flamel died at that moment with his head severed from his rump. When his wife Perenelle came rushing in the room, Dumbledore killed her the same way. People can be so stupid, how could they trust a person so blindly; it cost them their lives. In this way Dumbledore got hold on the Philosopher Stone, which enabled him to make gold and life forever. From that moment on, he was able to stop the aging process and he could live like this for ever!

And money was never a problem anymore; he could transform lead into gold and take it to the Goblins, who were quite willing to pay a good rate for it, and his family vaults were never as full as they were now.

That was a good time, because there was another good thing happening with him. Fawkes, his pet Phoenix, had been with him for years, but the stupid bird was making problems. Phoenixes like Fawkes always chose a wizard mate for life when the mate was a real light wizard and he was ... until Flamel tried to attack him.

After he killed Flamel's wife Perenelle, Fawkes started to rebel and Dumbledore was forced to act fast. He knew about a ritual, when applied, it would increase his magical power many times and for this ritual, he needed a potion with several rare ingredients. One of the rare ingredients would be Phoenix blood violently taken and that was his chance.

He killed Fawkes with a lot of effort and when he at last was able to kill it, he slaughtered the cadaver and started to make his potion for the ritual. It was written that a Phoenix was hard to kill and it was true; it was extremely hard to kill Fawkes. After he had tied the stupid Phoenix bird to his perch with the strongest magical ropes he could configure and erecting his strongest shields around it, he repeatedly shot killing curses at the bird. It rose again to life, but was reduced to a little phoenix bird ... so he killed it again ... and again. After he killed the

bird so many times when it was a baby, the stubborn bird finally gave up and died as it supposed to do.

Dumbledore felt elated because of that, there is not an instance known to anyone, who managed to kill a Phoenix. He was the first one ... ever!

Dumbledore looked up at Fawks, who was sleeping on its perch near the window and sniggered. This was one of his greatest achievements ever and also the biggest joke. He was looking to a transfigured barnyard chicken, which he had stolen from the Weasley's, the well-known light family in Magical England. And it was also his greatest accomplishments, because transfiguring a living creature into another living creature for more then a year was proof of an enormous magical power. Most wizards and witches could transfigure a living creature into something else only for several hours maximum.

Yes, that power came from the ritual he had performed thanks to blood of Fawks, the stubborn Phoenix.

He swallowed his lemon drop and looked out of the window again. It was already morning and the sun was brightly shining over the forbidden forest. It's about time that he started his plans for today, because he would again rewrite history.

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Chapter 02 – In the Office of the Minister

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A/N: Editor for this chapter is of course Dave

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Harry was looking dumbstruck at the large chair and desk in front of him. Behind him was Tonks walking to and front of the window, murmuring all kinds of things under her breath, but Harry could not understand a word of what she was murmuring.

This was the most unexpected end of the day he could imagine, but it was welcome to him. The horror at the Dursley's was not so bad as it had been previous years, but being locked up in his room was also not pleasant. He was comparing it with Azkaban without the Dementors.

Harry thought back with a lot of amusement what happened that late afternoon, only thirty minutes ago. He heard firm knocking on the front door at Privet Drive. Even though his uncle was yelling loudly what the hell was going on, the knocking kept on going and in the end he heard his Uncle Vernon barging in the hallway and marching to the door. He opened the door widely and prepared himself to scream to his tormentor, but the scream never came.

This triggered Harry's curiosity and he opened the door and walked quietly downstairs over the creaking steps to see what was going on. When he came downstairs, he saw his Aunt Petunia staring wide eyed through the corridor to the front door, no sound came from her but her mouth was wide open. Harry took some tentative steps and held his wand at ready behind his back. You never when you needed to use it. But what he saw made him almost lose his control; he almost burst out into laughter, because his uncle was floating a meter into the air; his face purple and mouth open and behind him stood a very irritated looking Tonks.

He saw that his uncle was screaming blue murder, but probably because of a silencing charm he was not able to do so, and Harry smirked. He looked at his Aunt, who turned her sight at him, pure

hate was in her eyes and Harry smirked some more. That would happen when you are impolite to magical people.

"I have no idea," said Harry to his aunt, but honestly he did not care what would happen with his Uncle and Aunt. He hoped that they would be scared shitless and for the time being they would give him rest; too afraid to do anything against him in fear that the pink haired Auror would return and repeat what she was doing now.

"Wotcher, Harry," said Tonks cheerfully. "How are you today?"

"I'm great, Tonks," answered Harry happily. "It can't be better than what you are doing with my uncle."

Tonks smirked and she looked at the floating Vernon. She twisted her wand and Uncle Vernon crashed on the floor ... all without a sound. But Harry could see that the air was pushed out of his lungs and his face became even darker purple. Harry was already suspecting that his uncle might die at every moment because of his obvious blood pressure and he smirked again.

Tonks turned now to Harry. "I'm here to pick you up and bring you to the Ministry," said Tonks with a smile on her face.

"The Ministry?" asked Harry suddenly not so cheerfully again.

"Yep, the Ministry," repeated Tonks. "Orders of Dumbledore and it must be immediately, because they are waiting for us."

"Us?" repeated Harry stupidly.

"Harry, in Merlin's name, I know you are not slow, but this is even too slow for me. I have a Portkey here and when you grab it, we will be immediately gone."

Harry looked warily at Tonks.

"How do I know ..." began Harry, but he was rudely interrupted by Tonks.

“Stop it!” she shrieked. She concentrated briefly and suddenly her nose started to grow and became very large.

In the corner of his eyes he saw that his Aunt’s mouth was dropping open ... again and then he could see her eyes rolling into her head and she fainted.

Harry smirked again, he was sure that it was Tonks in front of him; nobody could do what Tonks was doing, he thought, amused by size of her nose.

“Let’s go,” he said with a smile on his face, reaching for the strange piece of paper in Tonks hand, which supposed to be the Portkey.

Tonks’ restored her nose in the previous state and she grinned while looking at him. She grabbed his hand and wrapped the paper around it, while tapping it with her wand.

Instantly the world changed into swirling colors and a stomach-turning feeling in their stomachs. They had arrived at an empty office and the first thing he heard was the murmuring sound of Tonks.

That was ten minutes ago and they were still waiting for who ever was supposed be showing up. He assumed that it would be the Headmaster, but why here in the Ministry he had no idea.

When he looked at Tonks, she could not help him either, because the only thing she knew was that she was ordered to pick up Harry Potter and to wait with him in the office until Dumbledore showed up.

She knew that Harry was not the only person to be expected here in the office of the Minister himself, and she was curious what was going on. She had the feeling that it would be extremely interesting and was excited to be part of it.

She did not say anything to Harry, because she was not sure how he would react. Not only that, Dumbledore ordered her to be silent; not to say a word of anything she knew. Now she was waiting until Dumbledore and the Minister would show up. They had promised her that they would be in the office when they portkeyed in, but nobody was here and as usual, things would not go as planned.

In a way, she did not care. The fact was that she was out of her regular duty and did not need to come back to the office went a long way towards her having a good time and brought her into a good mood. And then the order to stay there in the office with Harry was something, which might suggest something to come, which influenced her as well. She suspected that she would be pulled in a special service, probably guarding the boy-who-lived, sitting in a chair in front of her.

Harry was looking at the pacing Tonks; her hands were behind her back and she looked at the floor while she was pacing to through the room. When she reached the wall, she would stop, turn and continue pacing until she reached the other side of the office and repeat the whole thing again. She looked good, even with her spiky pink hair, but she was wearing a tight t-shirt and some torn jeans, which was fashion at the moment, Harry knew.

He could see that she was or excited or cold, her nipples were glaring through her t-shirt or better the shape of her nipples and Harry could not help to stare at them. Thank Merlin she did not seem to notice that he was ogling her and he quickly looked at the floor. Why was he here? And what did Dumbledore want from him? And why was he not here? According to Tonks he supposed to be here. Well, nothing to do then wait; at least it was better than sitting in his room thinking about his Godfather and the fate of the world and that damned Prophecy.

The door opened suddenly and Harry looked up, half expecting to see the Headmaster coming in, but he was wrong ... he was really wrong, because who he saw he would never have expected to see ... ever!

Two girls entered the room; Millicent Bulstrode the Tank and pug-faced Pansy Parkinson. Both of the girls stopped ... like they walked against the wall and looked wide eyed to Harry, who stood up and looked with disgust to the two girls.

"What are you doing here?" he said belligerently.

"What are **you** doing here, *Potter*?" asked Pansy, looking in distaste at Harry.

"I was brought here," retorted Harry irritated. "But you weren't. Again, what are you doing here?" commanded Harry.

"None of your business," snorted Millicent Bulstrode. The heavy built plump girl was looking like a real bull; ready to have a go at him every moment now. Her eyes narrowed and her large flat nose rumped and her shoulders bowed forward and her upper body heeling over.

"Well," a familiar voice came from the door. The twinkling Headmaster with a sour looking Minister Fudge entered the office.

"I see that introductions are not needed here," the Headmaster continued. "I'm very happy to see that everyone is comfortable with each other." The Headmaster looked briefly at Tonks before turning his attention to Harry.

"Have a seat, dear boy," said Dumbledore in a friendly voice and he waved to one of the chairs in front of the office.

Then he turned to the two Slytherin girls and waved to the chairs next to Harry as well.

"Please, have a seat," he said and turned to the Minister.

"Cornelius?" he asked.

The Minister of Magic nodded somberly and walked towards his desk. He took his chair, looked again through the room and sat down.

"Nymphadora?" asked Dumbledore. Tonks winced, but said nothing, but nodded her head. She took the only free available chair and sat down. The Headmaster was walking behind the desk, but continued to stand.

"Well, I have requested your presence here because of a particular situation we have," began the Headmaster.

Nobody said a word, they were all waiting for the Headmaster to continue.

"Lemon drop, anyone?" asked the Headmaster, taking a bag from his pockets assumingly filled with the lemon drops.

Nobody said anything; Pansy Parkinson looked disgusted but still did not say a word.

"Well, Harry, the Wizengamot discovered that there is a problem with the Potter's family," began the Headmaster again. He took a lemon drop from the bag and put it in his mouth, visibly favoring its taste.

"Problem? ... Eh ... problem, Professor?" asked Harry confused. What has a problem with the Potter's to do with the Minister here and the two Slytherins? And Tonks?

"Well, yes, there is a problem," the Headmaster murmured.

Now he looked Harry straight into the eyes. "It seems that the Wizengamot discovered ... suddenly ..." and he looked pointedly at the wincing Fudge, "that you are the last Potter alive," he said.

"So what?" asked Harry confused.

"That means that the Potter line will end when you die without producing any offspring, Harry," said the Headmaster patiently, his eyes twinkling like mad.

Now Harry was really confused. Offspring? Then he was suddenly aware of the two Slytherin girls. He would not mean that ...

"What exactly are you trying to say, Professor?" asked Harry in a very calm voice. He felt a very chilling presence in the pit of his stomach. That's impossible; he really refused to think about that.

The Headmaster smiled reassuringly and Harry felt a wave of anxiousness leaving his body; what relieve. For one moment he thought that Dumbledore would force him those two disgusting Slytherins ...

"The Wizengamot," continued the smiling Dumbledore, looking briefly at the Minister, "has decided to enact its authority and grant you the

right to start an official harem with the fine women present here at the office.

Harry did not hear it well. What did he say? Harem? Suddenly all the anxiousness came back with a triple amount of power straight into the pit in his stomach and swelling up his chest; he had the feeling of choking and he stood up abruptly, the chair falling on the floor behind him.

“They what!” he screamed.

The two Slytherin girls dropped on the floor ... both fainted hearing the news, and Tonks sat paralyzed on her chair, not able to move because of shock.

“Oh my,” said the Headmaster bewildered. “What did I say?”

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A/N: Editor for this chapter is of course Dave

Chapter 03 – The Wedding Fight

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Editor for this chapter is Dave

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Harry opened his mouth, but couldn't say anything ... he was ... perplexed ... shocked beyond belief. This was a nightmare ... not true ... he preferred to face Voldemort at this moment, naked without wand. No, this could not be true, hallucinations ... he was hallucinating ... he was sure that was the case. He looked at the floor and there were two ... oh shit ... the most ugly, pug faced, smelling, disgusting ... creatures of Hogwarts. He would rather prefer to marry a pig ... marry? Harry became dizzy and very ... very warm and he tugged on his board for air.

"Have a seat, dear boy," said the Headmaster worried. The old white bearded man took a step towards Harry and grabbed him by his shoulders and led him to his chair. Harry let himself drop and sat heavily in his chair, all the while looking wide eyed and unbelievably at the two mishaps of nature on the floor.

"Please Professor, tell me that this is a joke ... a sick joke," groaned Harry, looking at his Headmaster for help. *"Anything but that!"*

The Headmaster looked him straight in the eye, but shook his head slowly.

"I am really sorry, Harry, but I'm afraid that it is your duty to comply with the law," the Headmaster said slowly and clearly.

"Does that mean ... "started Harry and looked horrorstricken at the two unconscious Slytherins on the floor "... that I ... I mean ..." and Harry sighed with despair.

"Yes, my dear boy," you are going to marry them," said the Headmaster sympathetically.

"Oh, Merlin," groaned Harry in misery, covering his face with his hands.

Tonks was still standing looking shocked. She paled and was staring to a spot on the wall right above the smirking Minister Fudge.

Minister Fudge hated Potter above all, he hated that brat even more than the Headmaster and what he saw happening, made him very happy. He would have given money to see something like this, the damned and cursed boy-who-lived almost crying like a baby. In a way he could understand the boy, but on the other side he was Potter; good riddance, he thought cheerfully.

It was a bit strange that Dumbledore insisted to have the Bulstrode' and Parkinson' girls marry the boy, because everyone knew they were the most ugly ones existing in England, but who cares; good for Potter; let him suffer for the change. That Dumbledore must really hate Potter too!

In the meantime Tonks seemed to come out of her shock and started to look around her with a thoughtful expression on her face. She faced the Headmaster frowning.

"Professor Dumbledore," she began. "What happens if we refuse?"

"Ooooh, that would not be wise, I believe," answered the Headmaster sympathetically. "It is by a new and special degree of the Wizengamot, that Harry Potter will be married with three women, chosen by the Wizengamot in a Harem agreement. If he refuses, that means thirty years in prison and if the women refuse, they will be cast out of society, lose their magic and fifty years in prison."

"Who chose the women?" asked Tonks.

"Well, that is not your business, dear Nymphadora," answered Dumbledore. Now he was frowning; he did not like those questions.

"With all due respect, Sir," said Tonks icily. "I am one of them and I want to know who chose us to marry Harry?"

“Well, it was a secret vote; nobody knows who voted for whom,” came the answer of the Headmaster, his twinkle back in his eyes.

Tonks looked thoughtfully. Clearly she did not believe him.

“And are you sure that you did not chose us, Headmaster?” asked Tonks.

“Yes, quite sure, Nymphadora,” answered Dumbledore with his twinkling eyes.

“Aha,” said Tonks, irritated by the Headmaster, who insisted to use her first name, while he knew that it irritated her. Now she was looking to the Slytherins, who seemed to recover slowly. She knew that it might be possible that the members of the Wizengamot might chose for the members of a harem, but she knew too that someone was introducing the names of the girls and she suspected that the Headmaster had a role in that. The only thing what was not clear why he was doing it.

In all the years she knew the Headmaster, she knew him as the slightly eccentric old man, who was Headmaster and head of the Order of Phoenix and a whole bunch of additional titles, but she never had seen him as a ruthless leader who made decisions like that over the heads of people and dead bodies so to speak.

But on the other side there was Harry. She knew that Harry was placed with those awful muggles by Dumbledore and nobody else ... and the fact that the Headmaster insisted that Harry would return every summer to the same Dursley's. She suspected that Harry was being mistreated at those muggles and that Harry sometimes made remarks about them, which indicated abuse, but the Headmaster would not listen and enforced the return of Harry each year.

She looked thoughtfully at the Headmaster; suddenly aware of many small things happened in the past.

“What happened?” asked Pansy Parkinson, looking bewildered around her.

Millicent Bulstrode was grunting like a cow. She had a hard time to stand up, because she was so massively built and her weight made the Fudge' desk groaning, which she was grabbing for support.

Minister Fudge was looking anxiously at his desk.

Tonks winced. One or both of them are stinking ... the sour smell of dried sweat and ... something more disgusting. And she could smell their bad breath from where she was standing ... oh Merlin, this will never end well.

"What ... "Pansy began, but stopped when she saw Harry sitting hiding his face behind his hands and suddenly realization came on her face and her expression immediately became desperate.

"I can't ... I'm promised to Draco," she whispered in despair. "I love him! Not with that goodie little two shoes, please tell me that it's a sick joke, please don't let it be true!" and started to cry desperately.

"Oh my dear girl," said the Headmaster sympathetic and walked towards the distraught girl and patted her on her head.

Pansy understood very well what was going on here. She was raised like that; in the pureblood society a girl was nothing else than property to be exchanged for the best rate and part of the best deal their parents were going to make. She also knew what it meant to be a wife of a traditional wizard; nothing less than a slave. At least with Draco she knew what would happen to her and she loved him. She knew Draco since she was a child and she could cope with his entire little boy things. She had a crush on him ever since she was eleven years old and that crush had by now developed into real feelings for him.

She knew that she was one of the lucky ones, because often with arranged marriages, there would be no love. It was a simple business deal between two families and that was it for the ones participating in the arranged marriage. But she felt herself so lucky all these years, because she had feelings for Draco. An arranged marriage would be fine, but if she would have the choice, she would marry him anyhow. She knew that Draco liked her too.

Her family and the Malfoy's knew each other for a long time. Even when she would be married with Draco that meant that she could still see her mother everyday of her life. Her family and that of the Malfoy's had always been very close. They had shared businesses and with the marriage between the two, it would mean that the two families were even closer connected then before.

But she suspected foul play here. Alarmed, she looked at the Headmaster, the master manipulator of Hogwarts and beyond. She suspected that the Headmaster had forced her family to comply and to give up their only daughter to marry that stupid Golden boy, the personal lackey of the Headmaster. That would mean that she would be locked up in a faraway property and she would never see her family again. The fact that her parents were not here proved that! What could she do?

She was not able to live without her Draco. She was not able to accept that awful skinny boy, the personal slave of Dumbledore. That boy was outright irritating and her hair went straight up when she only saw that whining boy. Look at him with his hand before his face, acting like a little spoiled brat, like Professor Snape always claimed and she believed that to be true.

Marrying that brat Gryffindor was impossible for her. She would not be able to cope with that life. She loved Draco and to be separated from him was impossible for her.

"What?" asked Millicent Bulstrode not understanding what was all the noise around her. She looked briefly at Pansy, who was looking like she was going to die.

"Don't you remember, Ms. Bulstrode?" asked Fudge gleefully.

"What?" she repeated again, this time looking for clarification at the Minister. Better him then the awful Headmaster.

"You are going to marry Potter here," the Minister said, waving his hand towards Harry.

Millicent looked for several seconds confusedly at the Minister and then she slowly turned towards Harry ... she stared at him for several seconds and a smirk suddenly appeared on her face.

Millicent knew that she would have a problem to find a suitable husband. She was not pretty, and her body was that of a large man, she was as strong like a bull and she had no existing manners. Her personal odor was something that would scare even a pig, and the only chance she had was being a part of an arranged marriage. The fact that it would be Potter was something she did not care about. He looked skinny, but with good feeding she could do something about that. For her it was a perfect deal. Well, any arranged marriage would be a good deal, she thought.

She looked briefly at Pansy and winced. She knew that the situation for Pansy was totally different. She was promised to the love of her life, Draco Malfoy and she knew that Pansy was in love with him. She knew that Pansy's greatest fear was to be separated from her love and it looked like that she was going to be separated from him. She refused to think what Pansy was going to do now.

But coming back to her own situation, this deal would be perfect for her. She would have a husband and then she could begin a family and her father the Baron would be so proud of her. She knew that she would be sent away by her husband because she was not a pretty girl, but she did not mind.

"*Alright!*" she grunted brightly. "He's alright," she said happily. "A little small, but we can do something about that. When's the wedding?"

"In ten minutes," said Fudge merrily, and rubbed his hands together.

"And my parents?" asked Millicent.

"We have both your parents' written consent," answered Dumbledore. "Everything is in order and legal."

Pansy wanted to cry. Her life was going to be over in ten minutes. She refused to comply, there was no way that she would marry that skinny do-gooder ... that awful boy-who-lived. She would prefer to marry a pig and not this stupid whining Gryffindor boy. She would

lose her love in life, her Draco, her ... everything. She felt like crying ... something what she normally never did, but this was the end of her. She could not accept this.

Pansy looked around her in half panic. What shall I do? She thought.

Tonks gasped and Harry groaned and Pansy moaned in desperation, Fudge was happily rubbing his hands and looking gleefully at Harry and the Headmaster was watching them all with his eyes twinkling overtime.

Fudge stately stood up from his chair and looked around pompously.

"We are waiting for the witnesses to come and when they have arrived, we can start the joyful marriage ceremony and then you four will be blissfully married and form a harem," said Fudge cheerfully.

"What an honor is that. I believe that Professor Dumbledore will arrange housing for all of you, so that Mr. Potter can do his wedding duties and in the morning everything will be completed. The clerk of the Ministry will check if the marriage is consummated and when that is, everything will be alright."

"I prefer to kill myself," murmured Pansy in the background.

Harry heard her and he nodded. For the first time after the shocking news he looked up and searched for Pansy.

"I prefer the prison term," stated Harry loudly.

"Excuse me?" asked the Minister confused.

"I said that I prefer the prison term," repeated Harry firmly.

Dumbledore was shocked what he heard from Harry and the Parkinson girl. What was wrong with a marriage like this? He agreed that the girls were not one of the prettiest, but they were the stupidest he could find and they were pureblood! They would be perfect puppets for him to control. It was for the best and the common good that Harry would marry the two pureblood girls. And he would deal

with Nymphadora Tonks personally after the wedding, so that she would be more open to him and her husband.

Dumbledore pointed his wand towards Pansy Parkinson behind his back in a way that nobody saw what he was doing and voicelessly he cast a modified form of the Imperio. He wanted her to cool down and to comply. At least till after tomorrow when the marriage would be consummated so to speak. Dumbledore had spiked the drinks already, so that the three girls would be pregnant. Everything was still going according his plans, even though the younglings were giving him a hard time.

Pansy suddenly felt a wave of warmth rolling over her and her feeling of desperation suddenly disappeared, to be replaced by ... nothingness. She looked around slightly confused and she caught the eyes of the Headmaster, which were not twinkling like they usually did. She saw a steely expression in his eyes, who were peering straight into hers. She knew that the Headmaster had done something to her.

At that moment the Headmaster looked to the Minister and she did not know what was going on. The only thing she knew that the Headmaster did something with her mind ... and suddenly she knew. He had cast the Imperio on her! She knew that feeling of nothingness, that what happened with her last week when the Dark Lord cast the Imperio on her and her father too when she was giving him a hard time with the red dress.

She suddenly remembered that she felt desperate and now she did not feel that way. She also knew that she was going to marry that dimwit of a Gryffindor and that would make her feel dreadful. That Headmaster was a puppet master, and it proved that her life would be finished when she married that whining and skinny boy.

Her life had just ended, Pansy thought. Now she was not even able to feel the desperation anymore. What must she do? She could not continue with this, even that she felt ... nothing. The Dark Lord was right, Dumbledore was evil, he was the real evil in this world and he was right to destroy that evil, even if that would mean the end of her own life. She still did not feel any emotion, but in this case it would

help her. She would make an attempt to kill the Headmaster, even when it means that she would be killed too. It was better like this, because a life with Potter would be worse then continious Crucio.

"The ... you mean ... you want to go to Azkaban?" stuttered the Minister more confused then ever. Did he hear that correctly? He also preferred that Potter would disappear in Azkaban and the Minister's eyes started to shine.

"Is that your last word, Potter?" asked the Minister gleefully.

"**Wait!**" shrieked Professor Dumbledore. "I am his magical guardian and as his guardian, I overrule him. **He will marry and that is my last word!**" Dumbledore looked sternly at Harry and then turned to Fudge.

"Minister?" asked Dumbledore calmly. "Where are the witnesses?"

Minister Fudge looked very disappointed to the Headmaster.

"Excuse me?" he asked confused.

"The witnesses," repeated Dumbledore slowly. "I want to finish this as fast as possible."

Tonks looked unbelievably at the headmaster, but before she could react, the door in the office opened.

"***What is happening here?***" shrieked a very familiar voice.

Everyone turned to the shrieking woman and Harry felt new hope welling up in the pit of his stomach.

"***Mrs. Weasley!***" exclaimed Harry desperately. "***Help!***"

Mrs. Weasley stormed into the office with flaming eyes, looking around for danger until her eyes fell on the two Slytherin girls.

Minister Fudge sat down on his chair and tried not to look too noticeable ... he swallowed heavily.

“What is that!” she shrieked, pointing to the two girls and turned to the headmaster looking fiercely.

“What is going on?” she said with a dangerous low voice, her eyes boring holes in the forehead of the Headmaster. Her face started to become dangerous red.

The headmaster visibly winced. He might be the greatest, most powerful wizard in the world, but having an enraged Molly Weasley in front of you is something of a sight.

In the background of the screaming and excitement, Pansy slipped quietly towards the half open door. This was her chance. She would curse the Headmaster and she looked briefly at the old man, but then she saw that he had a wand in his hand and that made her hesitate. She knew that Dumbledore was powerful, maybe as powerful as her Dark Lord. If she would attack him now, he would be able to defend himself and her attempt would be suicide. She knew that he would force her to comply and her chance would be gone. Then suddenly she looked at the boy-who-lived. If she would kill him though, then she would not be forced into marriage and even if she did survive the ordeal, at least it would not be in a marriage with him.

She walked softly further towards the door, because that would give her the best angle to attack the Potter, but before she could reach it, she saw the figure of Madame Bones appearing. Oh shit, she thought. I must act now, otherwise her chance would be gone for ever.

She swirled around, pulled her wand, pointed it to Harry and fired the most powerful black cutter curse she knew straight at his head. This is it, she thought. Silent casting was something she had practiced with her father for ages, and now it seemed to pay off. The dark blue beam of magical energy left her wand and nothing could stop it anymore. In the corner of her eye she saw Dumbledore reacting by erecting a shield around him and she knew that she had made the right choice. If she had aimed the curse at Dumbledore, he would've been able to survive, but the boy-who-lived not!

Harry felt rather than heard something approaching him in great speed and the only thing what he could do was dropping himself to the floor.

A dark blue beam missed his head only centimeters and hit Millicent Bulstrode straight in the chest, who was happily and expectantly trying to ogle Harry. The big girl did not utter a sound, but collapsed on the floor with a large crash. She was dead before she hit the floor with a big hole in her chest.

In the meantime, Pansy Parkinson was hit by three stunners; one of Professor Dumbledore, one of Madame Bones and the other of Tonks. The pug-faced Slytherin was thrown violently against the wall with a loud terrible crash ... she dropped on the floor not moving anymore.

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Editor for this chapter is Dave

Chapter 04 – The aftermath

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Editor for this chapter is Dave

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Mrs. Weasley could only gape at Pansy Parkinson, lying unmovable on the floor, while Tonks and Madame Bones were approaching the girl carefully with their wands at ready. Professor Dumbledore was looking severely at the scene, his brain racing for possible solutions.

“I’m afraid she is dead, Sir,” Tonks said somberly, after searching for any trace of life. “She broke her neck.” Tonks was aware that a tragedy had happened here. The fact that a pureblood girl like Pansy Parkinson would do something like that proved that the girl was more than desperate. It was unheard of in the magical world that a girl would attempt to do something like that, and it only proved to her that the Headmaster was heavily involved in this scheme.

Madam Bones looked around and she pressed her alarm orb in her pocket. Soon Aurors would be here to investigate what was going on. She looked around and saw another dead person lying on the floor. Well, she assumed she was dead, as there was a huge hole in the chest of the poor girl. She recognized the girl too! It was Millicent Bulstrode, one of the subjects of the secret voting a half hour ago at the Wizengamot.

She saw what the Parkinson girl had done; she was trying to murder the boy-who-lived in front of her eyes and instead of hitting the boy, she hit the Bulstrode girl. What the hell was going on?

“Headmaster,” Madam Bones said with her best official voice. She turned to the Minister. “Minister,” she said and turned to the rest of the people in the Minister’s office.

“Mrs. Weasley,” she continued to greet. “Can anyone tell me what is going on?”

“Well, Amelia,” began the Minister shakily, looking nervously at the dead girls. “It seems that the Parkinson girl suddenly attacked Potter here without any reason,” he said pompously. “To me it looked a clear murder attempt and nothing else.

“But why?” asked Madame Bones confused.

“I do not know and I am also not interested why. It was clearly an attempt at the life of Potter and I can imagine that many people would like to kill that boy,” he said disdainfully looking at Harry. “Maybe he needs more protection. What do you say, Albus?”

Dumbledore looked thoughtfully at the Minister and he nodded. “Maybe you are right, Cornelius,” the Headmaster said. He was trying to find a solution for the problem he had and he needed to find two new brides for the Potter brat, and fast too.

Harry in the mean time could only look at the dead Pansy in shock. Did she just try to kill him? Harry knew that he had almost been hit in the head and that instead of Millicent being killed; he supposed to be lying on the floor without head.

He heard the Minister, Madame Bones and Dumbledore speaking with each other, but he could not pay attention to hear what they had to say. He looked now at Millicent and he realized that two of his – so called – brides were dead.

Suddenly he realized what that meant; no marriage and a slow smile appeared on his face and he looked at Tonks, who was studying him worriedly. He smiled weakly at her and she smiled hesitatingly back at him.

It's too bad that the girls were dead and it was even worse that Millicent Bulstrode was killed instead of him, but on the other hand he had never felt anything for the Slytherins; worse, they were awful people and they with that Draco Malfoy were always the ones who had been tormenting him. Now they were dead.

He looked again at Tonks. At least she was taking it well, all that shit that had happened. First she heard that she was part of the marriage

with him, then the murders and she was even smiling at him. He half expected that she would protest much more like Pansy Parkinson.

Suddenly Harry was thinking about what Tonks had said before. The question she had asked was who proposed the girls at the Wizengamot to be part of the harem. He refused to think that it was Dumbledore; it was for sure somebody who did not like him at all ... and that means Malfoy. For sure the Headmaster would never do that to him ... no ... for sure it was Malfoy who was behind a new scheme to hurt him.

In the mean while Aurors were flooding the Minister' office and he saw two Aurors were taking away the bodies of the Slytherin girls. Harry started to wonder what would happen now. He suspected that he would be brought back to the Privet Drive, because after those awful murders and the lack of candidates, the harem would not continue ... at the moment. Maybe it could even be postponed or maybe even canceled?

"People!" Dumbledore said, his arms raised above his head when the last Auror left the office. "We have business to complete."

Dumbledore knew what to do. It was a genius plan, simple and perfect and he was very satisfied with his solution. He suspected that Molly Weasley would go with him, but Amelia Bones might be a potential problem.

That brought all attention of everyone present to the Headmaster.

"Headmaster," said a worried Mrs. Weasley. "You don't want to continue with this terrible business of the harem. I mean ... after what happened here!"

"I'm sorry, Molly, but I have no other choice in the matter," said Dumbledore gravely, but determinedly. "The decision of the Wizengamot **must** be implemented and I am here to make sure that it will happen."

"But there are no brides left for the harem," said Mrs. Weasley confused.

And here Dumbledore smiled. "You are wrong, Molly," he said in his usual grandfatherly manner.

Harry groaned. Here we go again, he thought.

Tonks frowned. Should she confront the headmaster now? She suspected that the Headmaster had done something to poor Pansy Parkinson. It is unheard of that a pureblood girl like her would do something like that. She refused to believe that the girl wanted to kill Harry like an assassin; she was not the type to do that. And if she was the type, she would have already done so at Hogwarts.

Madam Bones quirked an eyebrow. "And where are those so called brides, Dumbledore?"

"Well, Amelia, that is very simple," Dumbledore said with a warm smile on his face. "Susan and Ginerva of course."

The eyes of Madam Bones and Mrs. Weasley went wide after hearing that. They were both summoned to be witness of the weddings and the forming of a harem, but they did not expect that their niece and daughter would be involved.

The eyes of Madam Bones narrowed suspiciously, but Mrs. Weasley felt very pleased. When she heard that Harry would marry two strange girls, two Slytherins to boot, she was very much displeased. Not displeased that Harry would be married, but the fact that he would not marry her only daughter had made her very disappointed.

Before Madam Bones could start to say something, Dumbledore decided to take charge.

"Susan is a pureblood and a perfect candidate for the marriage and so is Ginerva," said Dumbledore. The Wizengamot has decided to allow a harem to be created in order to safe guard the Potter line and that is what I intend to do. Not only that, I am the magical guardian of Harry and I know what is best for the boy. The magical world is in the need of stability and when the Potter line ceases to exist, that would mean that there would be multiple openings in the Wizengamot, which might be filled by Voldemort supporters and I will not allow that."

Harry did not understand what it meant multiple openings in the Wizengamot. Did that mean that his family owned seats in the Wizengamot? And why did he not know this.

Harry sighed. Again Dumbledore had failed to tell him things, especially about his own family. In a way it was his own fault, because when he did go to the Library at Hogwarts, he was able to read everything about the Potter's family. The fact that he never did that research was only his own fault. Harry made a decision to rectify that as soon as he was able to.

Dumbledore's magic swirled impressively around him. Everyone could feel the power of the greatest wizard all times and they knew that they had no chance against him; not only that, he was politically the most powerful man as well.

Both women looked at the Minister for his input, but the Minister only shrugged his shoulders.

"Dumbledore is right, of course. The Wizengamot has decided for a harem to save the Potter line and we need to implement that. The fact that the girls died does not mean that the forming of a harem will be canceled," Fudge said as he fidgeted in his chair uncomfortably.

Madame Bones scowled.

Fudge did not like Madam Bones, because she was one of the few in the Ministry that always gave him a hard time. The Weasley's were a poor simple pureblood family, who never made any problems, so that was alright. The fact that the youngest Weasley was to marry Potter would not give him problems. The only aspect he did not like personally was that the Bones girl would marry the boy and that would make it potentially dangerous for him. The Bones' family occupied three seats in the Wizengamot and the Potter's had five seats. That's a very powerful block and it might give him some problems later in future. But what could he do? Dumbledore had him in his pocket and he knew it.

Madam Bones did not like the situation at all. First she was summoned here to be witness of a crazy scheme to create a harem, and suddenly now she was being forced to give up Susan for that

same crazy harem. When was the last time a harem was formed? She did not know, but it was for sure a long time ago. She recognized the idea of the harem as a political ploy of the Dumbledore or someone connected to him, but she did not care ... until now.

She had nothing against the Potter boy, nor did she have anything against an alliance between the Potter's and Bones', but she did not like how this was being played out. She recognized the possibilities for both families, but she suspected foul play here and she was not sure what was really going on.

She turned to the Headmaster and opened her mouth to ask what was really going on, but the Headmaster held out a hand and she stopped against her will.

"No, Amelia," said the Headmaster sternly. "I know what you want to say, but I disagree. There is no choice and you know it. Susan is the perfect candidate. I want to have Susan here within thirty minutes."

Dumbledore ignored Madam Bones and turned to Molly Weasley.

"Molly, get Ginerva here immediately," he ordered.

"Yes, Albus," answered Molly Weasley almost immediately.

Both women left the office to fetch their daughter and niece, one more reluctant than the other.

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Chapter 05 – The Forced Wedding

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Editor is our Poker playing Dave

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Ginny Weasley looked confusedly at Susan Bones, who was waiting in the hallway at the end of the corridor, where all people arrived from the internal floor traffic in the Ministry building. This floor point was being used only by Ministry workers and their families when they came to visit the Ministry.

Her mother was talking to a vaguely familiar witch and Ginny was waiting until she finally was ready and could go to where ever they needed to go. The strange thing of everything was that her mother insisted that she came with her without telling where to and why. Her mother also refused to look her into the eyes and that was very strange!

She knew Susan Bones from Hogwarts of course, but she never exchanged words with her other than a casual greeting. Looking at Susan she realized that Susan had grown up a lot. Her figure was fuller; she looked very attractive and she obviously lost some weight at the right places. Ginny was not sure if Susan did something with her robes, but her breasts seemed to be b-cup now and at Hogwarts she remembered that she never had something like that!

Thinking about breasts brought bad memories. Dean was her last boyfriend and he was only interested in her breasts and legs. One time she wore nice tight jeans she had borrowed from Hermione and Dean's eyes almost popped out of his sockets. At that time it seemed funny and smoothing her ego, but later it proved that it did not help their relationship at all. It seemed that he was only interested in fondling her breasts, which he did a lot. At first she did not mind so much, but later he became more demanding and that was where she said enough!

That did not go well with him and he broke it off one day before they left for school vacation. In a strange way it did not matter, because

she did not feel depressed which is what she half expected to feel. It was rather unexpected that she felt even a certain relief and the feeling of freedom.

And then there was the situation at home. It did not start well, the school vacation. Ron was mooning for Hermione and the twins were never home because of the shop. Her mother had forbidden her to work for the Twins, with as result that she was bored beyond belief. And now suddenly her mother appeared and demanded that she come with her for what ever reason. Fine with her, because she had no idea what she must do with her time at the Burrow.

Susan was staring at the red headed girl, who she recognized from Hogwarts. This was Ginny Weasley, the youngest of the Weasley's. She looked for her Aunt, who was talking to several demanding and yelling wizards, waving with papers in their hands and she sighed. This was one of those days that her Aunt demanded something and then she forgot all about her.

She sighed again. Here we go again, she thought and she studied the little redhead. She looked good; the youngest Weasley seemed to have grown. Susan was not having the figure that Ginny had; the girl was tiny and petite, just like their neighbor girl was at home. The most striking thing about the Weasley girl was her hair. Thick and long red and orange hair, falling over her back and reaching her backside; Susan wished that se had such beautiful hair. She knew very well that the Weasley girl would not have any problem with getting boys and that was totally different with her.

She knew that the Weasley girl had several boyfriends already, while she herself hadn't managed yet. Susan had also no idea why nor did she know what she was going to do about it. She talked about it with her best friend Hannah, but that girl was also not helpful, because Hannah had also problems finding a suitable boyfriend. Talking with her Aunt about this hot subject was not a good idea, because she could already imagine what her reaction would be; she would be locked up somewhere and that would be the end of it. Or worse, her Aunt would be looking for a boyfriend for her.

She sighed. Sometimes she thought that it would be much easier to ask her Aunt for an arranged marriage, because everything would be much easier then trying to get a potential husband at her own.

She turned her attention to the Weasley girl.

“Ginny is your name, no?” she asked the red headed girl.

Ginny looked up, like she was surprised and nodded.

“Yes, Ginny Weasley,” she answered. “You are Susan Bones.” It was obviously not a question, but Susan nodded nevertheless.

“What are you doing here?” Susan asked.

“My mother dragged me from home and I have no idea what I am doing here,” Ginny answered.

“Strange,” said Susan thoughtfully. “My Aunt came home to pick me up too and here we are.”

“Ginny, come with me,” said Ginny’s mother.

Next to Mrs. Weasley was Madam Bones standing and she waved Susan over. The foursome walked through the corridors until they reached the section of the Ministry building where the Minister was residing.

Susan frowned but said nothing, while Ginny was looking with wide eyes around her. Such a luxury she never had seen at the Ministry.

Madam Bones knocked on a large door and entered, followed by Mrs. Weasley and the two girls.

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There was a tense silence in the room. Professor Dumbledore was smiling with twinkling eyes at the newcomers. Tonks, the Auror was standing next to the large window, looking gloomy. Behind the desk she saw the Minister himself sitting, looking very much frustrated for what ever reason and in the chair sat ... Harry!

Susan was confused. She had no idea what she was doing here. She looked again at the Headmaster and she started to suspect why she was here. It was a special project for school, of course. Maybe it had something to do with you-know-who and that they would go into hiding or something like that. Or maybe they would be here to hear that they would go to Hogwarts for a special program.

Then she turned her attention to Harry Potter. The boy looked depressed ... yeah ... and that was nothing different the way he looked like when they went home for vacation break. She remembered seeing him right before they took the Hogwarts express, he looked depressed that time also.

"A-hum," the voice of her Aunt came from behind.

"Of course," said the headmaster, taken out of his stupor. "Where are my manners?" He waved his wand and four additional chairs appeared in front of the desk of the Minister.

"Please have a seat," he said pleasantly.

Everyone took a seat and looked at the suddenly uneasy looking Minister.

The man was looking pointedly at Dumbledore, who was still standing.

"Well," began the Headmaster with a warm smile on his face.

"I can imagine that you two are asking yourself why you are here," he said with his irritating twinkling eyes.

Susan agreed with him, except those twinkles are very irritating. She remembered her Aunt telling her once that the twinkling in those eyes meant that he was reading your mind and she looked away from the Headmaster's quickly. She also remembered that he would not be able to read her mind as long as she did not look into those irritating eyes.

She nodded at the headmaster. She could not deny that she was curious. What was so important that it made the Minister uneasy and

that the Headmaster himself, the Minister and her Aunt would be in one room, not to forget Harry Potter himself with the Weasley's.

"Well, the Wizengamot discovered that the Potter' family line contained only one member and that is Harry Potter. He is the last of his line. If something should happen to him, the Potter's line would be no more and that is a problem for the Wizengamot. The Potter's family occupies several seats in the Wizengamot and when the Potter's family line would end, that would mean that the seats would be available for others. Because of the increase of Death Eaters activities, they are afraid that those seats in the Wizengamot would fall into the wrong hands and they want to avoid that," said Dumbledore calmly and with clear voice.

Susan frowned. She knew several families, which also contained one family member and nobody made any fuss about that.

"Harry is a minor and he has no parents anymore, the Wizengamot found it necessary to intervene on the behalf of Harry," continued Dumbledore.

Susan frowned more. She suspected that there was politics involved here, because this would not happen with any other person in the Magical England. It was not the business of the Wizengamot to interfere with a person like Harry. Unless there was something else.

The Wizengamot decided to form a new harem for Mr. Potter," the Headmaster announced.

Susan's eyes went wide. That's it! She knew something fishy was going on and then she realized suddenly why she was here. She looked at Ginny briefly, but she was no help. The girl was only looking confused at the Headmaster and then to her mother, who was looking ... strange ... elated, thrilled?

Susan looked at her Aunt in confusion and she saw that her Aunt did not look happy. She looked almost distraught? What was going on? Would she be one of the brides of Harry? Was that the reason why she was here? She did not see any other reason why she was dragged from her home to the officer of the Minister and listening to the speech of the Headmaster.

"I assume that you two are wondering why you are here," continued the Headmaster with his damned twinkle again and the old man smiled warmly.

"You two have the honor to join that harem," he finished and looked expectantly at Susan and Ginny.

Susan half expected this already could not help to look briefly at Ginny, who's mouth dropped open and stared at the Headmaster with wide eyes in astonishment. She looked unbelievably at the Headmaster. If the situation was not so serious, Susan would find the situation extreme funny, but she herself was involved too.

Susan turned to her Aunt.

"Aunt Amelia ... is that true?" she asked.

Her Aunt only nodded.

"Ms. Bones ... Susan," began the Headmaster, smiling and winking again.

"You are chosen to be one of the brides of Harry Potter and the first harem since a long time. It is an honor beyond anything else."

Susan did not feel shocked and that was very strange. She knew that the shock would come later, but at this moment she did not feel anything.

She turned her attention to Harry, who was half lying in his chair and did not react. He had his hands before his face and he looked as depressed as usual.

"Why am I chosen to be part of this ... eh ... harem?" she asked.

Everyone looked at her now. Even Harry was taking his hands from his face to look at her, and promptly she felt her face heating up. Damn that blush, she thought.

"You are chosen because you are the best choice," the Headmaster said.

Her Aunt looked unhappy, but still said nothing.

The Minister was only nodding stupidly at the words of the Headmaster; no help from there.

Ginny did not seem to ask any question, but she was looking strangely at Harry.

“And do I have a say in this ... scheme?” asked Susan.

She saw the Headmaster frowning for a moment, before the man pulled his face in his usual grandfatherly expression.

“No, dear girl, I’m afraid that you have no say in this,” he answered solemnly.

“Why not?” asked Susan.

“Because it is the decision of the Wizengamot,” Dumbledore answered brusquely.

Susan nodded thoughtfully. She did not believe the headmaster. If it would be the Wizengamot who decided that Harry must start a harem, which she could believe. But the women in the harem are not something, which are chosen by the Wizengamot.

“They had first chosen Pansy Parkinson and Millicent Bulstrode,” said Harry suddenly, looking darkly at the Headmaster. “But they died and so they chose you two.”

Immediately Harry looked at the floor, obviously expecting a fierce reaction of the adults in the office. But strangely nobody said anything.

“Died?” asked Ginny out of thin air.

“I tell you later, dear,” her mother said, padding Ginny’s knees. “Let’s get to business, Albus. “

“Who are exactly in that harem, Sir?” asked Susan the Headmaster.

The Headmaster smiled. “You, Ms. Weasley and Ms. Tonks,” he answered immediately.

Susan looked at Tonks briefly. She knew her of course; she was the youngest Auror the Ministry had.

"I thought you said that we were chosen by the Wizengamot?" asked Susan.

The Headmaster nodded slowly.

"But there were two girls here, who were first candidates for the harem. How is it possible that the Wizengamot can choose us so fast?" asked Susan.

The headmaster did not like that question at all. "I, as Head of the Wizengamot, can make the decision instead," he almost growled.

Susan knew that there was something more than what the Headmaster was telling.

"And when shall that harem ... eh ... start?" asked Susan curious. In a way it was what she had thought already for some time. Arranged marriages were nothing strange to her. Many older friends she knew were part of an arranged marriage, and being part of a harem was not much different. Her Aunt was part of an arranged marriage and what she understood, her parents as well. The fact that she was apart of an arranged marriage is in a way comforting, but there were some things which were not right for her.

One thing was her age. She was still at Hogwarts, so she assumed that she would first finish Hogwarts and then she would be part of this. And then the second, she would be part of a harem, and that meant that she would share the husband with two others and then the last, but not the least was the husband. He was the boy-who-lived, not a bad partner but the boy was always so depressed!

"If you would not have any further questions," said the Headmaster, "we would like to wed you all immediately."

Oh, that was news. Immediately? She looked to her Aunt, who was eying the Headmaster frustrated.

Ginny felt elated. Her dream came true. She could marry her childhood crush and she looked happily at her beaming mother. Both of the women were smiling at each other. Ginny knew that the financial problems of her family were once and for all over. She would take care that her parents and the rest of the family would never know poorness and would have always money available. She would even try to get them to move to one of the many houses manors or maybe even castles of the Potter's estates.

"And what about school?" Susan was able to ask.

"That can be arranged later," answered the Headmaster dismissively.

Susan looked confused. There was something going on here. "And what if I refuse?" she asked.

"Then there is punishment according the law. You have not the freedom to refuse," was the curly answer.

Now Susan was frowning.

"Aunt Amelia?" she asked.

"I'm sorry my child, I can't do anything about it," her Aunt answered.

Tonks was following the conversation of Susan and saw the reaction of Ginny Weasley. She did not like the way how Ginny was reacting and she had the feeling that there would be troubles. She knew that Harry was a serious boy, and when they would be married with each other, and then things might collide.

She thought about her own faith. She knew - more then the children in this office - that it was extreme dangerous to react differently then she was doing right now. Dumbledore was extreme dangerous; when she would protest and try to get out of the deal, she would fail. There was no way that she could overcome such powerful wizard, and walking away from this situation was also impossible. If she tried, she would suffer greatly. No, it was better to wait and see if there is a possibility to get out of the influence of Dumbledore.

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Chapter 06 – The Forced Wedding Continued

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Editor is our Poker playing Dave

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"I'm very sorry, Susan," said Harry, sitting straight in his chair.

"We are forced into this ... scheme and there is nothing I can do about it. I have as much choice as you have," said Harry.

"Harry, it is for the best," Dumbledore said. "If it was not for the Wizengamot, your family line might end if something would happen with you. And that we can't have, don't you think? And not only that, I owe it to your parents."

Harry looked unimpressed and turned to the two girls.

That man works on my nerves, Harry mused. He with his greater good and for his best interests and his whole load of dung ... the more he thought about this whole thing, the more he didn't like it. But what could he do? Could he make a run for it? Harry looked for the door and he knew that it would be impossible, because Dumbledork here would get him before he could make even one step in the direction. The man was watching him like a mother chicken.

In a way he felt sorry for the girls. Well, his fate was already written on the walls, so to say, but the girls had nothing to do with this whole shit.

Harry smiled sadly. "I am really sorry, but you have as much to say about this whole thing as me, namely nothing. You, I ... we are all forced into this. I can't do anything about it. My ... so called ... magical guardian is forcing me into this plot. "

"*Mr. Potter!*" exclaimed the Headmaster. "This is not a plot; it is for your own good."

Harry looked disgruntled at the Dumbledore and snorted. "If that is the case, then you bring me to a magical family and let me have a life instead of being tortured with the Muggles," said Harry ominous.

"I think that I understand, my dear boy, but as your elder and as your guardian, I have your best interest in mind," said Dumbledore, looking down at the boy.

Harry snorted. "Well, this harem of yours has already cost the lives of two persons," said Harry. "I refuse."

Tonks, Mrs. Weasley and Ginny gasped, but Madame Bones looked admirably at the boy. The Minister snorted in indignation and Susan thoughtful.

Everything was quiet for a moment.

"You refuse?" asked Dumbledore unbelievably.

"That's right," said Harry. "You can't make me."

Pale blue eyes met bright green eyes in a battle of wills, but Harry did not yield.

"Well, if that is the case," said the Headmaster slowly. "We continue with the weddings."

"But ... but ... he refuses!?" stuttered the Minister.

"That doesn't matter," said Dumbledore, looking darkly at Harry.

Harry shook his shoulders like it did not concern him. "For the Minister's sake, why don't you marry them, Headmaster?" asked Harry with a lopsided grin on his face.

Mrs. Weasley gasped by Harry insolence.

"Harry, he is your Headmaster!" exclaimed Mrs. Weasley shocked.

"So what, Mrs. Weasley," said Harry looking at her.

"I don't want him to force your daughter to marry me," he said, looking warmly at Ginny and he smiled.

But Ginny did not look pleased, because that was exactly what she wanted. "I don't mind, Harry," she said softly, but inside her she was almost raging at the boy. Harry's eyes went wide and eyebrows up.

"You don't mind?" he asked incredulous.

"You see, Harry. She does not mind," said Dumbledore pleased. "So, if you would be a dear boy and cooperate with us, then we can get this over with."

"No, Headmaster, I won't," said Harry.

"You don't give me another choice, Harry," said the Headmaster slowly.

"Do what you have to do, Sir," said Harry defiantly. "I don't care, but I am not going to marry anyone. Put me in jail instead."

The eyes of the Minister lightened up, but after he felt Dumbledore looking sternly at him, he deflated again.

Dumbledore pointed his wand at Harry. "Harry, don't force me," he said threatening.

"Kill me, Headmaster," said Harry calmly. "Do what ever you have to do, but I will not marry."

"Who says anything about killing you, Harry? Don't be so overdramatic. You act like a little child," growled Dumbledore.

"I don't care ... I am a child," Harry retorted in afterthought.

Dumbledore sighed. "Then you let me no other choice," he said.

"That's what you said before. Give me your best," said Harry defiantly, waving his hand in the direction of the Headmaster.

The Headmaster murmured something under his breath and Harry was surrounded by a brief red glow; he froze and could not move

anymore. Harry sat as stiff as a board on his chair and could not even move his eyes; but he felt that he could use his tongue and even his lips. So whatever Dumbledore used as spell, he could not use his body, but only his mouth; that means that the Dumbledore wanted him to talk.

"Well, let's get started then, shall we?" asked the Headmaster cheerfully looking around the room.

"Stand up, everyone," said the Minister cheerfully.

Everyone stood up.

"And what about Harry?" asked Tonks hesitatingly.

"What about him?" asked Ginny, half irritated by the behavior of her long time crush.

"Well, we are going to be married with him and I assume that he has the major role to play in this ceremony, don't you think?" asked Tonks cynically.

"Don't worry with young Harry, Nymphadora. He will be alright," said Dumbledore smiling. He took his wand in his left hand and made a sweeping movement and started to chant in an unknown language.

Fudge was looking expectantly at Dumbledore.

Susan looked at Ginny, who was looking in high spirits, together with her beaming mother.

Madam Bones was still staring at Harry and Susan did not know what to think anymore. Tonks also did not look too happy, but in a way resigned to her fate.

In a way she expected that her Aunt would at least fight for her, but until now her Aunt did not say a word. This was outrageous!

"Fuck you, Dumbledore," Harry murmured in the background of Dumbledore's chanting. Everyone heard Harry, but except Mrs.

Weasley who looked shocked and very displeased at Harry, nobody reacted.

Dumbledore paused his chanting and looked penetrating at Harry for a second, before he shifted his attention to the foursome.

"I am going to call the ancient powers of Magic," he said formally. "When I have summoned those powers, I am going to ask each of you if you are pure of heart. If anyone of you has no pure reasons to be married, say so now, because the backlash of not being pure of heart might hurt you ... it might even kill you," he said seriously.

"What do you mean by ..." began Mrs. Weasley, but she was interrupted by Dumbledore.

"Quiet! Only the foursome may answer," Dumbledore said sharply.

Harry snorted. "I'm not pure of your f'cken heart," he said.

"No, I mean if you have other reasons to be bonded," said Dumbledore.

"I have no reasons to be bonded," retorted Harry.

Dumbledore grimaced. "You don't count," said Dumbledore. "It is the girls who count. Their reasons may not be based on profit or self-centered interests."

He turned to the girls. "Well?"

Ginny seemed to hesitate for a moment and she looked at her mother for advice, who was shaking her head.

"Nobody?" asked Dumbledore with a smile.

Nobody said a word.

"I did warn you," he said, looking thoughtfully at Ginny for a moment. "If you are going to be bonded to each other, and you do this for profit, you will not be accepted in the bond and the magic might hurt or kill you. Are you sure? This is your last change!"

None of the girls said anything, except that Ginny seemed to gasp. The Headmaster turned to Ginny.

“Ginny?” he asked gravely.

After several seconds of hesitation she shakily shook her head and a warm smile appeared on the face of the Headmaster.

He started to focus on the ceremony again and started to chant again, waving his wand into the air.

The chanting of Dumbledore went further and further and now he seemed to repeat the unknown words. A faint cloud appeared in the room above the heads of everyone present and Dumbledore pointed his wand at Harry. His chanting intensified and his voice went up several octaves.

“I hope you get diarrhea, Dumblebee,” murmured Harry defiantly.

Dumbledore hesitated only for a moment, but then continued with renewed energy.

Minister Fudge, who heard the boy unmistakably, was looking thoughtfully for a moment, but then focused his attention to Dumbledore again with a smirk on his face.

Susan almost laughed.

Harry was surrounded by a yellowish haze and Dumbledore pointed his wand to Ginny and repeated his chanting again. Also the joyful Ginny was surrounded in a yellowish mist and then Dumbledore pointed his wand to Tonks.

Tonks almost jumped out of the way, but then she remembered that she was part of this mess and froze on her place. The yellowish mist also appeared around her and then Dumbledore did the same with Susan.

When the girls and Harry were surrounded by a yellowish haze, the Headmaster paused his chanting and looked intensely at the foursome.

“Listen very carefully,” he said formally and looked intensely at each of the foursome. “You are bonded by Magic itself.”

He switched his wand in his right hand and swirled it in a sweeping movement over their heads. Bright white beams of lights appeared between the foursome, connecting them together. Each of the foursome felt almost overpowered by the intensity and the air was thick with magic.

Dumbledore brought both his arms above his head, like he was blessing the foursome.

“One forms a perfect center of live,” he said calmly with a clear voice. The magic thickened immediately.

“Two forms the connection with life and soul.”

Bright sparkles appeared all around them.

“Three gives the triangle of life and love.”

The color of the beams changed into deep red.

“Four brings the perfect corners of love,” Dumbledore yelled loudly and waved his wand over the foursome again.

All four felt a shock wave traveling through their bodies.

“If you are false, you will fail,” said Dumbledore in a ghostly voice.

He started to murmur again in the unknown language, which nobody seemed to understand.

“I’m going to bind each of you together for life,” Dumbledore said.

“**Ni santara cara da-sa-ra,**” he said with a power in his voice and made stabbing movements with his wand to each of the foursome.

“***You three,***” Dumbledore ordered, *stand around Harry in a circle.*”

The three girls stood around the scowling Harry in his chair.

"Touch him," Dumbledore ordered.

All three girls laid their hands on his head or shoulders.

"We are gathered here to witness the binding of these happy people together in marriage," Dumbledore said, waving his hands over the foursome.

A small sonic boom and a flash of light appeared above the heads of the foursome.

"In the name of Magic I am going to bind you," he bellowed loudly and again a small sonic boom appeared between the foursome.

"Nymphadora Tonks, tell the truth and say if you are pure of heart," Dumbledore asked and held his wand pointed at her heart.

"Y-Yes, stuttered Tonks," and she felt a wave of magic traveling through her, which took her breath away. Harry seemed to shudder because of the power of the bonding.

Dumbledore turned to Susan.

"Susan Bones, tell the truth and say if you are pure of heart," Dumbledore asked again and held his wand pointed at her heart.

"Yes," answered Susan and she seemed to hold her breath, and Harry shuddered again.

Now the Headmaster turned to Ginny and pointed his wand to the red haired girl.

"Ginerva Weasley, tell the truth and say if you are pure of heart," Dumbledore asked and held his wand pointed at her heart.

The shaken girl gulped and nodded her head.

"Y-Yes," she stammered and the wave of magic went through her. But then something unexpected happened ... the body of Ginny Weasley was blasted out of the circle and she collapsed against her mother

with great force, who stood close to her and together they fell on the floor in a heap of arms and legs.

The magic in the air imploded and the yellowish mist disappeared with a loud bang.

Everyone looked shocked at Ginny and her mother on the floor; they seemed to be unconscious; Dumbledore looked gravely at the two red headed women and sighed.

“Ginerva was rejected by the magic of the ritual,” he said somberly. He walked towards the Weasley’s and started to wave his hand over Ginny and Mrs. Weasley and murmured something under his breath.

After several moments of breathless waiting he groaned.

“The backlash of Magic damaged Ginerva’s magic,” he said solemnly. “Her mother is alright.”

Nobody said a word; Harry looked shaken to the core, the two girls looked pale and Madam Bones was shaking of suppressed rage.

“We need to find another,” Dumbledore said in a powerful voice, his eyes burning of magic, his body radiating in power.

Everyone looked aghast and unbelievably at Dumbledore.

The powerful mage stood up straight and made a sudden sweeping movement with his wand.

“**Oblivate**” he yelled.

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Chapter 07 – The Perfect Match

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A/N: Editor for this chapter is Dave

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Dumbledore was holding the obliviate curse as long as he could. It would wipe the memories of everyone involved, except the two Weasley women, because they were unconscious. While he was scanning both women, he discovered that Ginerva's magic was burned out by of the backlash and it would make her a squib! Pity for the girl, because she had been reasonable powerful and he could use her for other purposes like a good marriage with one of his supporters before this idea of a harem came up.

Her mother was also partly hit by the volatile magic and both of them would be out for some hours to come. So, those two were not a problem at the moment, but the rest is another story.

He looked at Madam Bones, who he was blackmailing in forcing her to comply with the harem and her niece. That woman had become slowly dangerous and he suspected that she was scheming against him. Because of her strong occlumency shields, he was not able to read her mind and see what she was up to.

Dumbledore decided to give everyone here false memories that Ginerva was having a tantrum in the middle of the ceremony, which blasted her against her mother and both of the women dropped unconscious on the floor. He did not want everyone to know at this moment that Ginerva had lost her magic. He would cope with that after the ceremony.

Now he needed another girl to complete the harem. He did not want only two women in the harem, he needed another one. According old ancient magic, three was nice, but four represented a much more powerful block and that was much better for producing the babies, which Dumbledore so much needed. And after that he could take care of the Potter brat.

Dumbledore smiled. If he would be like his son, Harry would die in the most terrible pain when his time would come. But alas, he was not such barbarian creature like Tom, he was using much more effective methods and when someone must die, he would do this swiftly and professional, just like his old friend Alastor Moody always used to do.

This is it. Dumbledore felt the obliviation magic come to a peak and he started to release it in large but powerful waves. The eyes of everyone present glazed over and he knew that the spell was successful.

“Oh, what a stupid girl,” groaned Cornelius Fudge. “How could she be so stupid in refusing the magic during the binding ceremony?”

Everyone agreed with the Minister for the chance, even Harry thought that Ginny was stupid to do so. It was strange that she did this, though. He thought that Ginny always liked him more than usual, but he shook the thoughts about Ginny off and forced it on the meddler in his life ... Dumbledore.

Dumbledore looked really annoyed, Harry thought and he could not help to grin. He still could not move his body, but his lips could!

“We need another girl,” said Dumbledore in a firm voice. And I know exactly the one.”

Madam Bones was confused. One moment they were in the middle of the binding ceremony, and the other moment there was the Weasley girl who started to rage and the magic broke. The magic blasted both Weasley women unconscious. Why this would happen and why was the girl suddenly raging in the middle of such dangerous ceremony?

Dumbledore looked at her harshly.

“Amelia, I want that you go to the Wizengamot rooms and get me Daphne Greengrass immediately,” he ordered.

Madam Bones opened her mouth to retort, but she saw the eyes of Dumbledore harden and she quickly decided to comply.

She turned without a word and left the office.

“Greengrass?” asked Fudge curious.

“Yes, Daphne Greengrass,” answered Dumbledore with a huff. “She is visiting the chambers of the Wizengamot together with her father today. I want her here, because she is the perfect alternative candidate for the harem.”

“Why are you so obsessed with this harem and why three women?” asked Fudge.

“Because in a harem Harry can create many babies to safeguard the Potter’s line as you know very well, Cornelius and three women and Harry form a quartet, which is magical-wise much more powerful than a trio.”

“Aha,” said Fudge amused; he was looking at Potter, who was blushing of embarrassment.

Then he looked at Tonks and Susan. “Baby factories,” he continued with a smirk and Tonks started to become noticeably angry.

“That’s enough, Cornelius. You are upsetting the ladies here,” Dumbledore said grandfatherly but still with a smile.

Tonks wanted to rage at the Minister, the old manipulating old coot and get away from here before it was too late. She had a very bad feeling for what was to come and she felt very afraid for the first time that she was here. Whatever the business of the harem, it had already taken two girls’ life and two more were unconscious. And suddenly she started to realize something; her memories were ... muddy? Tonks eyes narrowed. She recognized that feeling from Auror training ... someone had removed her memories about something and replaced them with false memories. She knew that there was nothing, which could bring those memories back.

Susan was looking to the cynical men here in the office and was contemplating what a harem exactly means for her.

“Professor Dumbledore, I have a question for you,” said Susan.

“Yes, my dear girl,” said the Professor warmly.

Susan was taken back because of the way the old man was reacting. She hardly knew him.

“What exactly does it mean to be part of a harem?” asked Susan.

“Well, that you are married, dear girl,” answered Dumbledore.

“Does that mean that I am adult?” asked Susan.

“Well ...” said Dumbledore carefully. “In a way you are adult, yes, but there are restrictions.”

“Restrictions?” asked Susan frowning. “What do you mean with restrictions?”

“Well, you are not allowed to leave the place where you will be staying at after the wedding. You are also not allowed to have contact with anyone outside me and the staff I will assign to you. You are allowed to have house elves and you are allowed to perform magic,” answered Dumbledore.

“That means also that Harry is the only male, no other male is allowed to visit you alone, unless Harry is with him. And he will assign an alpha wife, the rest are his normal wives,” said the Minister gleefully.

“That’s right,” said the Headmaster with a smile. “I think that you would make a fine alpha wife,” he added as an afterthought.

Susan frowned. She did not trust those cynical men and their words were like sand.

“Why are we contained in that location, Headmaster?” asked Susan.

“Because it is not safe elsewhere,” the Headmaster answered immediately.

“And when we need to do shopping?” asked Susan.

“You give us the list and we do the shoppings for you,” the Headmaster answered immediately.

“And who is going to pay for that?” asked Susan curious now.

“Every one of you will sign special papers, which enables us to deduct costs from your accounts,” said Dumbledore.

He turned to Harry. “You must sign special papers, which enables me to continue as your financial adviser and I can make the arrangements with the Goblins to arrange everything for you,” he said with a warm smile, his eyes twinkling overtime again.

“Do I have so much money in Gringotts that you want to steal it?” asked Harry.

The Headmaster frowned and his twinkles disappeared for a moment. He heard the Minister gasping.

“Of course not!” exclaimed the Headmaster. “How could you think that? For all the things I did for you, and you still don’t trust me?”

“Exactly,” answered Harry. Harry decided not to continue. If he would be forced to marry, and then the old coot would come with the documents, he would refuse to sign. And the first chance he had to get away, he would take. He was very curious what the Goblins had to say.

“I want to talk with the Goblins about my heritage,” said Susan.

“I will talk with them after you signed me the papers and when I am back from the Goblins I will tell you what they said,” said the Headmaster firmly.

“Why don’t you let me talk with the Goblins, Headmaster,” said Susan firmly. “My finances are none of your business, and as you said before yourself, we are adult. I intend to take my full rights and you have not the right to take that away from me.”

The Headmaster only smiled. “We are talking about those issues after the wedding ceremony in your new house,” the Headmaster said.

The door opened and Madam Bones entered, closely followed with a tall frowning girl. Susan immediately recognized the girl as Daphne

Greengrass and she smirked. The Headmaster will have serious problems in getting the girl in his scheme.

Dumbledore stood up with a large smile on his face.

"Ms. Greengrass, welcome," he said warmly.

Daphne was only more frowning and looked briefly to all the people present in the office until she saw the women lying unconscious on the floor and her eyebrows went up, but she did not react further. Then she shifted her attention to the Headmaster.

"What can I do for you, Headmaster?" she asked in a pleasant voice but with a steely undertone.

"Yes, Ms. Greengrass," answered the Headmaster still smiling. Please have a seat." He waved his hand towards one of the chairs in front of the Minister.

Daphne looked briefly at Harry without changing her expression on her face, then at Tonks, Susan and finally at the Minister.

"Minister," she said in a low voice.

"Ms. Greengrass," the Minister greeted her, nodded his head. "Have a seat."

Daphne walked to her chair, sat down and looked questionable at the Headmaster, who was now standing behind the Minister.

"Nymphadora, please have a seat," said Dumbledore sternly. It was clearly not a request, but Tonks chose to ignore the man. She promised to herself that she would give him a very hard time after this whole thing was over, but for this she needed to speak with Harry and the girls alone.

The old man huffed.

"Nymphadora?" he asked.

"I prefer to stand, Headmaster," answered Tonks icily.

“As you wish,” answered the Headmaster and turned his attention towards Daphne.

“You are here with us, because we require your services,” he said.

“Services, Headmaster?” asked Daphne, quirking an eyebrow.

“Yes, dear girl,” he answered warmly. “Young Harry Potter is the only surviving member of his family and the Wizengamot sees this as very dangerous for the continuation of the Potter line. They have decided to interfere on behalf of Harry and help him to create a harem, where he will marry three women and in this way to safeguard the continuation of his family line.”

Daphne looked at the man and she got a very bad feeling about this.

“There are two women here ... unconscious,” she said looking briefly at the unconscious Weasley’s. “That means that you want to ask me to be the third wife?”

The Headmaster nodded happily. “Indeed,” he said. “I knew that you would be willingly to help us in this matter.”

Daphne looked unbelievably at the Headmaster. “Do you really think that I would like to be part of this harem?” she asked in disbelief.

“Yes, of course,” said the Headmaster, “Don’t you think, Cornelius?”

The Minister was taken out of his stupor after hearing his name. “What?”

“I said ...” began the Headmaster pleasantly.

“No,” interrupted Daphne calmly.

“Excuse me?” asked the Headmaster confused.

“No, I said. I will not be part of your little scheme,” said Daphne. She stood up from her chair.

"If there is something else, Headmaster?" she said, clearly not expecting to hear anything else. "I'm on my way, because I have other ... more important things to do."

Daphne walked towards the door and when she reached it, she heard the voice of the Headmaster murmuring an incantation. The door did not open!

"I'm afraid that you have no other choice, Ms. Greengrass," said Dumbledore in an intimidating voice. "Take the seat and I will explain it to you."

Daphne breathed deeply and she turned slowly towards the people in front of the Minister's desk.

"You can't force me," she said calmly.

"I think I can," said the Headmaster. "The Wizengamot has decreed that young Harry needs a harem and I am here to see that it will be implemented. You, dear girl, have been chosen to be part of the harem and there is nothing you can do about it."

"And if I refuse?" Daphne sneered.

"Then you will lose your magic and go to jail," the Headmaster answered calmly. He was looking expectantly at Daphne, who was looking frustrated.

She turned to Harry. "Don't you have enough attention, Potter? You also want to force people to share your bed?"

Harry's expression did not change, but he began to speak.

"I'm forced in this scheme as you are," he answered. "The Headmaster placed a spell on me, so that I can't run away or do something to damage the old coot. If you continue resist, the old coot will do the same with you."

Daphne was taken back from what Potter was saying and she shifted her attention to the Susan Bones.

“And you?” asked Daphne.

“I’m forced into this harem too!” answered Susan.

Dumbledore took his wand in his hand.

“Ms. Greengrass, please stand behind Harry. “Ms. Tonks and Ms. Bones, join Ms. Greengrass,” he said.

All girls were hesitating.

“Don’t make me force you,” the Headmaster said threatening.

Madam Bones had enough.

“Headmaster,” this is really enough,” she said, grabbing her wand. “I can’t allow you to continue!”

But Madam Bones was already too late. She was hit by a beam of red magical energy straight in her chest and she froze ... she could not move ... just like Harry Potter. She fell like a stone on the floor.

Susan twirled around and wanted to grab her wand, but Dumbledore was faster again. He had his wand pointing straight between her eyes.

“The next curse will be not so harmless,” the Headmaster said.

“As I said, we are going to perform the ceremony, and regardless if you like it or not, you all will comply. If you refuse, than the consequences are horrible.”

Tonks had her wand behind her back and was waiting for the perfect moment. She knew that she had absolutely not one chance against the powerful wizard, but everyone makes a mistake and when he did, then she would take him out.

“Ms. Tonks, I know that you have your wand behind your back,” said Dumbledore without turning. “You will now move towards Harry, otherwise I must force you.”

It was quiet for several seconds in the office; nobody moved and the tension was heavy in the office.

“Well?” asked Dumbledore, slowly turning to face Tonks.

Tonks nodded slowly and she put her wand back in her back pocket. She knew that Moody would not be pleased, but it was the best place at the moment.

She walked slowly towards Harry, studying the Headmaster in the corner of her eye. You never know if she would have a chance.

Daphne wanted to run as fast as possible away of this ... nightmare, but with the door locked, and the all powerful Headmaster watching her for sudden movements, she had no other choice then to join the rest of the girls; she wished that she stayed at home this morning.

Daphne moved towards Harry and joined Tonks and Susan Bones.

“Right,” said the Headmaster happily. “Let’s try it again, shall we?”

“I get you for this, Dumbledore!” exclaimed Harry.

“Quiet!” drawled the Headmaster. “Don’t let me silence you, Harry. You are acting like a little child. “

Dumbledore took his wand in his left hand and made a sweeping movement and started to chant in the unknown language.

“I am going to call the ancient powers of Magic,” he said formally. “When I have summoned those powers, I am going to ask each of you if you are pure of heart. If anyone of you has no pure reasons to be married, say so now, because the backlash of not being pure of heart might hurt you ... it might even kill you,” he said seriously.

A faint cloud appeared in the room above the heads of everyone present and Dumbledore pointed his wand at Harry. His chanting intensified and his voice went up several octaves.

Harry was surrounded by a yellowish haze and Dumbledore pointed his wand to Daphne and repeated his chanting again. Daphne was surrounded in a yellowish mist and then Dumbledore pointed his wand to Tonks. The yellowish mist also appeared around her and then Dumbledore did the same with Susan.

When the girls and Harry were surrounded by a yellowish haze, the Headmaster paused his chanting and looked intensely at the foursome.

“Listen very carefully,” he said formally and looked intensely at each of the foursome. “You are bonded by Magic itself.”

He switched his wand in his right hand and swirled it in a sweeping movement over their heads. Bright white beams of lights appeared between the foursome, connecting them together. Each of the foursome felt almost overpowered by the intensity and the air was thick with magic.

Dumbledore brought both his arms above his head, like he was blessing the foursome.

“One forms a perfect center of love,” he said calmly with a clear voice. The magic thickened immediately.

“Two forms the connection with life and soul.”

Bright sparkles appeared all around them.

“Three gives the triangle of life and love.”

The color of the beams changed into deep red.

“Four brings the perfect corners of love,” Dumbledore yelled loudly and waved his wand over the foursome again.

All four felt a shock wave traveling through their bodies.

“If you are false, you will fail,” said Dumbledore in a ghostly voice.

He started to murmur again in the unknown language, which nobody seemed to understand.

“I’m going to bind all of you together for life,” Dumbledore said.

“**Ni santara cara da-sa-ra,**” he said with a power in his voice and made stabbing movements with his wand to each of the foursome.

“You three,” Dumbledore ordered, *“stand around Harry in a circle.”*

The three girls reluctantly stood around the scowling Harry in his chair.

“Touch him,” Dumbledore ordered.

All three girls laid their hands on his head or shoulders.

“We are gathered here to witness the binding of these happy people together in marriage,” Dumbledore said, waving his hands over the foursome.

A small sonic boom and a flash of light appeared above the heads of the foursome.

“In the name of Magic I am going to bind you,” he bellowed loudly and again a small sonic boom appeared between the foursome.

“Nymphadora Tonks, tell the truth and say if you are pure of heart,” Dumbledore asked and held his wand pointed at her heart.

“Yes, grunted Tonks,” and she felt a wave of magic traveling through her, which took her breath away. Harry seemed to shudder because of the power of the bonding.

Dumbledore turned to Susan.

“Susan Bones, tell the truth and say if you are pure of heart,” Dumbledore asked again and held his wand pointed at her heart.

“Yes,” answered Susan and Harry shuddered again.

Now the Headmaster turned to Daphne and pointed his wand.

“Daphne Greengrass, tell the truth and say if you are pure of heart,” Dumbledore asked and held his wand pointed at her heart. Dumbledore did not look pleased ... he looked very threatening now and his expression on his face promised pain if she would refuse. And Daphne knew enough about this kind of binding magic that when

she would disrupt it in this stage, the backlash of the magic could very well kill her or cause her to lose her magic.

“Yes,” Daphne said disgustedly and the wave of magic went through her. She wished that she had accepted the invitation of the Dark Lord.

The mist changed into white and dissolved immediately. An eerie wind appeared and blew through the room and the temperature rose several degrees ... a ring of light appeared right above the heads of the three girls and Harry, connecting them and formed a circle with Harry in the middle.

“With the Power invested in my by the highest authorities of magic,” chanted Dumbledore and waved his wand over the girls again,” I bind these younglings in marriage.”

The unnatural wind intensified and a faint howling of the wind was now noticeable ... Goosebumps appeared on everyone’s arms, howling voices were being heard as coming from a far distance and the light dimmed.

Dumbledore was now surrounded with a gloomy pulsing light and his eyes started to glow reddish.

Just like the Dark Lord, noticed Daphne.

“***Car-ai-di basa ta burrrrrrrr i-ahhhhhhhh***,” he chanted finally.

And suddenly it was all over. The circle of light was gone, the wind had disappeared and the light had restored it self again.

“I declare you man and wives,” Dumbledore said finally.

Dumbledore looked expectantly at the foursome.

“You may now kiss the brides,” he said and waved his wand over Harry, who felt himself released from his invisible restrictions on his body.

The first thing he did, however, was not to kiss his brides, but to stand up and looked with flaming eyes to the Dumbledore.

“Fuck you, Dumbledore,” he said.

Chapter 08 – The White Room

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A/N: Editor for this chapter is Dave

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The quartet looked around themselves with dismay. They had immediately after the ceremony received a Portkey and before they could say or do anything else, they were portkeyed to this ... this room.

Almost everything in the room was white. In the middle of the room was a large queen-sized bed, there a white table with four white chairs, there was a white door half open and they could see a large white tiled bathroom, and the walls were white, except for two paintings, which were empty ... assuming those were magical paintings, so the inhabitants of the paintings would be somewhere else.

Tonks grabbed for her wand ... but it wasn't there! Frantically she looked about her. How was that possible? She kept her wand with her the whole time either in her hand or in her holster and it was impossible to summon it; it was charmed against summoning ... and then she started to suspect that Dumbledore had a hand in it. Right before they were portkeyed away, he had stood rather closely to her ... and the rest of the girls.

"Does anyone have their wand?" Tonks asked.

Harry and the rest of the girls were looking shocked around them, but were taken out of their stupor by Tonks. Their wands! Everyone grabbed their wands ... or tried to do so, but none of them could find it.

"Our wands!" exclaimed Harry horrorstricken. "What happened with our wands!"

"That's because I took them," an authoritarian voice sounded behind their backs. Everyone turned and they saw the Headmaster in his purple cloak, grinning with all their wands in his hand.

"You will get your wands back when you are finished with the wedding ceremony," he said.

"What do you mean?" asked Harry harshly.

"Well, Harry. You are now a married man, and the wedding is over, but that does not mean that the wedding itself is over. The second part of the wedding is that you must consummate the marriage and that must happen tonight. If you don't do that, then the wedding will be canceled and the magical backlash might kill you or render you magic-less," Dumbledore said with his eyes twinkling.

"I will not do such thing," said Harry.

The girls looked horrorstricken at Harry. "But we will lose our magic too!" exclaimed Daphne.

"Or is there a problem, Harry?" asked Tonks flabbergasted. Maybe there is a serious problem, Tonks thought. She knew that it was sometimes the case that the wizard did not like witches and if that was the case, they could be in serious trouble.

"What do you mean?" asked Harry confused at the girls.

"Do you ... eh ... maybe like wizards, Harry?" asked Susan hesitatingly.

"Me? You mean am I a homo?" Harry asked aghast.

"Yeah?" asked Susan, looking unsure.

"No, not me," Harry answered immediately. But then he looked at the grinning Headmaster. "But for whatever the reason, Dumbledore here wants you to have babies, and why should we comply with him?"

"But on the other side we could lose our magic too, and babies or not, I really want to keep my magic," said Daphne annoyed. "So

Potter, you will do your duty tonight, even when I must force you to comply.”

Harry turned to Daphne. “I’d like to see you try,” he sneered.

“Children, children,” said Dumbledore, holding his hands up. “I have something, which might help you all.”

Everyone looked expectantly at Dumbledore.

The twinkles disappeared from Dumbledore’s eyes and he looked intimidating. He took his wand and pointed it quickly to Harry.

“***Maritus Adactio Impetus Magnus***,” he chanted loudly and a dirty beam of magical energy exploded out of his wand and hit Harry straight in his chest.

Harry did not feel anything differently when he was hit by the curse then only a small itching at his chest and that was all.

Everyone was looking wide eyed at Harry, but he did not look hurt, except Daphne, who looked shaken and terrified.

“I wish you a nice evening,” Dumbledore said. “Oh yes, before I forget, there will be a house elf to take care for you this evening. Tomorrow I will return with the Ministry employee, who is going to check if Harry did consummate the marriage. Have a good day,” he said and he plopped away.

“Well, that was quick,” said Susan half relieved. At least that awful man is gone.”

Tonks did agree with Susan, because that Dumbledore really got on her nerves. How that man had changed! She never imagined that the Headmaster would react so crude, so ... so ...

“We are in deep trouble,” breathed Daphne fearfully, stepping quickly away from Harry.

Everyone looked strangely at Daphne, who was making visible efforts to

keep her cool, while all the while she was looking frightfully at Harry, like he was some kind of monster or worse.

“What?” asked Susan looking peculiarly at Daphne, now unsure what was going on. She did not understand what the big deal with Harry was. He would never do anything against anyone’s will.

“I know that curse that Dumbledore used on him,” Daphne almost whispered, pointing frightfully at Harry.

Everyone was silent instantly and they looked confused and unsure first at Harry, then at Daphne.

“That curse has also an English name, it is the Rape Curse,” said Daphne.

“The ... what?” asked Susan horror-struck.

“That curse is only used by Death Eaters. It’s a dark curse and it will change the man into a raping monster; it will give him stamina and power and it will change his character into a raping monster!” exclaimed Daphne.

Everyone looked shocked at Harry and all the girls stepped away from Harry.

Harry was shocked at what Daphne said about him. He would never ... never ever in his life touch anyone against her or his will.

“What a ...” started Harry angrily. “I would never touch anyone against her will!” exclaimed Harry. “**Ever!**”

It did nothing to change Daphne hesitatingly and nervous expression on her face.

“It will take a half hour before it takes effect,” continued Daphne, breathing heavily, looking nauseous. “Maybe faster,” she exhaled softly. Everyone looked shocked at Harry, then at Daphne again.

"After that time, he will start to change and will have urges, which will become stronger and stronger until he has no other choice to give in ... and then ... then ... oh Merlin, what shall we do?"

"He is going to rape us?" asked Tonks incredible.

Daphne only nodded and was stepping further away from Harry. There was no escape in where they were ... in this white room.

"How could Dumbledore do that to us?" asked Susan, looking extremely worried at Harry. "I thought he was a light wizard?"

Tonks also did not understand it anymore. She thought the same, but the things that had happened the last couple of hours made her change her mind too. It looked like that there was much more about Dumbledore than she thought. And she was very afraid of what was going to happen next. But first they had a problem on their hands, which needed to be addressed. She knew about that curse, she learned about it at the Auror's school. And Daphne was right, only the Death Eaters were using this curse.

"Wait!" exclaimed Tonks.

"It's not as bad as it looks," she said. "I know about that curse too and there is only one way to defend ourselves against it."

Everyone looked at Tonks anxiously.

"How?" asked Daphne desperately, still eying Harry, like she expected that he would jump on her every moment now.

Harry was feeling hurt and confused and the girls were getting at him. He was also beginning to feel very nervous. He tried to feel something ... if something was different then normal. But he could not feel anything strange ... nothing foreign, no strange emotions and he did not feel anything comparing with aggression. Well, he felt anger, but that was normal, because lately he felt a lot of anger against Dumbledore and the Order, the Minister and all ... well ... almost all the Aurors.

Tonks continued. "The curse will change the stamina within Harry and give him urges, which he will not be able to resist after a while. No man or no human is able to do that. But we need to give his body what it will demand after a while and when that happens, then those urges will be much less and he would be able to control them."

"What do you mean?" asked Susan confused. "I don't understand."

Daphne grimaced. "She means that we need to sleep with Potter before those urges will surface. Am I right?" asked Daphne.

Tonks nodded and looked at Harry, who looked almost like crying. He was not sick or turned into a monster, for Merlin's sake. What a bunch of bull is that.

"But I feel nothing special," whined Harry. "I'm not a monster, you know," he said, looking hurt to Tonks, then to Daphne. "Are you sure that you are right about that curse?"

"Because it takes a half hour before it will affect you," said Daphne, ignoring what Harry said.

"Yes, that's it," Tonks said, ignoring Daphne's and Harry's bickering. "We need to do it quickly before it will change him."

All girls were looking at Harry now, who was feeling ... strange. On one hand he felt appalled that the girls were thinking that about him, and on the other side the idea of making love with such beautiful girls was very attractive and he felt himself stirring ... again. But then he felt the eyes of the girls on him and that made him hesitate for a moment.

"What?" asked Harry anxiously. "I didn't do anything!"

"Yeah, right," said Susan. "Yet!"

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Madam Bones came home from the backdoor. Her heart was crying and she felt worst ever since her sister was murdered by the Death Eaters. She knew that she was in terrible danger. Not from Voldemort,

but from the other Dark Lord, Dumbledore. Three months ago she had discovered something and she made a mistake. She had gone to Dumbledore's office and confronted him there ... alone with him. She did not realize how deep that man had sunk and she had underestimated him.

When Dumbledore heard her news, he reacted totally different then she had expected. He had showed her the family Bones' treasury and vault keys and documents, which said that she was a betrayer by leaking secrets to Voldemort. The documents were falsified documents, but still it would do not much, knowing Fudge. He would act when he would see those documents and she would receive the Dementor' kiss for those.

The Bones' family treasury was ages old and unique in the world. She had no idea how Dumbledore could get a hold on the Bones' treasury. Each pureblood family owned their own treasury, which was proof of pureblood family status; without it would mean that their family magic would stop working; the wards around their manors and properties would break down and they would be kicked out of the Wizengamot; it would be the end of the Bones' family. And without a male heir, the family Bones' would be finished.

Now that she was home, she hoped that she would be ready with her preparations against Dumbledore. She knew that this was her only chance to do something against the man. Even when it was only for Susan, Susan was her charge after all. She might even lose her life, but if it would hurt Dumbledore, it was worth it.

"Welcome home, Amelia," a sudden voice said behind her.

Amelia Bones swirled around with her wand already in her hand, but she was met by Dumbledore's wand pointing to her chest.

"I believe that it is a good idea to sit down, don't you think?" he asked with an eyebrow quirked.

Madam Bones hesitated for a moment. There was no way that she could do anything to this man and she nodded.

She took the chair in shaking hands, pulled it from the table and sat down. Dumbledore grinned. She still had her wand in her hand ... that man was so sure about himself, that he did not take her wand from her. She hoped that he would regret that decision soon.

"The younglings are here in your manor," said Dumbledore gleefully. "They are in your nice white room," he said.

Madam Bones' eyes went wide. "*What did you do to them?*" she asked taken aback. The White room was being used to break the will of prisoners a long time ago before the Ministry was being formed.

"I did not do anything against them," Dumbledore said. "Harry must do his duty as husband and when he is finished, I will take the quartet with me and lock them up somewhere. I'll wait until the babies are born and then I will kill Harry and bind the women and babies to me and that is all," he said. He did not move his wand all the time from Madam Bones' chest. He suspected that she would do something foolish and in a way that would be welcome. It's much better if the victim tried to defend him or herself, because it would look much better in this way than a cold blooded murder.

But Madam Bones did not react as he expected she would. She was smiling!

"Headmaster, you must be joking," Madam Bones said.

"No, I'm not," he said gravely.

"Why?" asked Madam Bones.

Dumbledore grinned suddenly.

"I will tell you, Amelia," he said.

"There is a prophecy, which tells that Harry would be able to defeat the Dark Lord," said Dumbledore grimly. "He is the only one who can defeat him, because he has a power the Dark Lord does not know."

"Ah, and you think that *you* are the Dark Lord," answered Madam Bones smilingly, pointing a finger at Dumbledore.

Dumbledore looked taken aback after hearing her words.

“Yes, Dumbledore, I know more about you and your disgusting activities,” said Madam Bones satisfied.

“You do realize that you leave me no other choice, Amelia,” said Dumbledore dangerously, narrowing his eyes and grabbing his wand more firmly.

“Bye, bye, Dumbledore,” she said unexpectedly and she disappeared with a soft plop.

That was not possible, thought Dumbledore astonished. He had warded this manor against Portkeys and apparition and still she managed to disappear with a Portkey! Suddenly he thought about the secret Portkeys which were developed by the Main brothers at the Ministry and he sighed in frustration. That was it, of course. Madam Bones would have access to those new developments, even when it was in the starting phase of product development and research.

That is it, he thought. She, as a high placed Minister worker, had the knowledge and was able to get such special Portkeys and now she escaped him. He would immediately submit those papers that Bones was a traitor before she could cause him more problems, he thought. He apparated immediately to the Ministry.

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Chapter 09

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A/N: Editor for this chapter is Dave

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Tom Riddle was standing in front of the wall sized mirror with his wand in his hand. He was glaring at himself and he was not pleased with what was seeing. Because of the dimmed light in the bedroom he was in at the moment, he could not look at himself in detail; the light ... or better ... the lack of it – made it impossible to study his face in detail.

The last time he was looking at himself in the mirror was more than sixteen years ago before he vanished for years because of the Potter brat. What he was seeing now was a skeleton-like figure with a bald head and red glowing eyes. He was about two meters tall, wide shoulders and narrow hips, long legs and extra ordinary long arms. The additional length of his arms gave him advantage during a fight with magical weapons like swords and the like. Nobody had such reach and it also gave the impression of a poisonous spider when he was moving quickly in battle.

His body had changed so much ... so much improved because of all the rituals he had applied, he was now the most dangerous creature in the world; nothing was more dangerous than he ... that was a fact.

Tom looked at himself again and he must admit, powerful ... yes, but ugly too! There was nothing left of his previous body. His wavy black hair was gone, his brown eyes, his firm and square chin and his long neck; it was all gone and replaced by this body, built for endurance, speed, power and destruction.

He sighed.

His thoughts returned to business as usual. He knew that the traitor Severus Snape was waiting for him in the next room. Snape was announced by one of the Death Eaters an hour ago and he ordered him to wait in the next room here.

This would also be the last hour that Severus would be alive, because that man had become very dangerous and now Tom had a problem controlling him. That was different in the past, but now something had happened and he was still not sure what it exactly was. It looked like someone else was controlling Snape, someone as strong ... perhaps even stronger than he was ... this he admitted now ... who or what ever it was, it was controlling Snape better then he could do himself and now it was time to find out. That would also mean that he would lose his spy, but what use had a compromised spy? It could be even dangerous for him and his cause ... no ... it was better that Snape would be removed from the game and as a last service to Tom, Severus would spill who was now the controller.

Voldemort made his decision and turned abruptly from the mirror and walked towards the bedroom door and opened it and paused.

He saw Snape bowed over the table as if he was reading something. Voldemort knew that nothing of value had been left behind in the small conference room he had setup for a while now and he was curious how Snape had the guts to do this near himself. He knew what the punishment would be if he would be caught.

Noiselessly he walked towards the black cloaked man who did not seem to notice anything then only what he was reading on the table and stopped several meters from Snape.

"What are you doing, Snape?" asked Voldemort with a dangerous low voice.

He saw the man stiffen and slowly turning around facing his master. He dropped on his knees and crept towards Voldemort with his face down to the floor.

"Master," Snape hissed. "Master, I have news."

"Rise, Snape," said Voldemort, his wand still in his hand; he tightened his grip on it.

Snape picked himself up from the floor and looked at his Master subdued.

"The old fool forced Potter into marriage," Snape sneered.

That was news! That was indeed news, thought Voldemort and he could not help himself to be very ... very surprised. Married?

"Why did he let the boy marry? And with whom?" asked Voldemort.

"He married him to Nymphadora Tonks, Susan Bones and Daphne Greengrass, Master," answered Snape.

It was quiet for some seconds before Voldemort could use his voice again.

"A harem?" he asked.

"Yes, Master, a harem," answered a submissive Snape. "He managed to get the Wizengamot approve it and he forced the boy into the marriage."

"Where's the boy and his ... eh ... wives?" asked Voldemort. He did not expect to get an answer like usual, but he had to ask.

"Bones Manor, Master," came the prompt answer.

Voldemort was astonished, but did not show it. Not only had that the old fool of a Dumbledore taken him to that Manor, but that Snape had given him this answer. Snape had never given any straight answer before and that made him so suspicious as his source of information from the old man. But this was strange; Snape answered him directly without anything else ... unless there was something else?

"And he is there at the Bones manor with his wives?" asked Voldemort. He was not sure to trust this from this double agent; there might be something going on that he was unaware of.

"Yes, Master?" answered Snape.

"And how do you know this, Snape?" asked Voldemort suspiciously. Voldemort moved silently towards a large closet at the far end of this small conference room, while eyeing the Potion Master.

“Dumbledore told me, Master,” the prompt answer came.

“And why should Dumbledore tell you something like that?” asked Voldemort, not giving his doubts away.

He kept it secret, Master. Nobody knows where the brat and his hookers are, except him ... and me,” answered Snape.

Ah, this was better, thought Voldemort. Snape is his old selfish self again; he did not give direct answers again.

“And why should he share his secret with you, Snape?” asked Voldemort in a low and dangerous tone.

Voldemort saw that sweat drops appeared on the forehead of the Potion Master.

“He asked me to make the Byronic Potion, Master,” answered Snape.

Voldemort knew that potion. It was a highly illegal potion to make the drinker permanently highly delusional.

“Did he explain why he needing that potion?” asked Voldemort.

“No, Master,” answered Snape. “But I discovered something else, Master.”

“Tell me, Snape,” hissed Voldemort. He started to loose his patience with the man.

“I managed to copy papers from his desk, Master,” said Snape.

“Yes?”

“Those papers were protected, but I managed to take a look before the copies faded and I discovered why he wanted that potion, Master,” answered Snape.

Voldemort noticed that Snape was really sweating now. That was also strange; Snape never showed him any emotion ever before. What ever it was, those papers must be something very special to make Snape so ... emotional.

“Master, Dumbledore does not seem to be as he let others think, Master,” said Snape slowly and hesitatingly.

Now Voldemort was intrigued.

“Master, he plans to use the Byronic Potion on you,” said Snape.

Voldemort stirred after hearing this and for several seconds he was without words.

“Me?” asked Voldemort, half surprised, half amused.

“The papers I managed to copy were a copy of your birth certificate, papers about money transfers and papers, which state that he is your father ... Master,” said Snape.

Voldemort’s eyes flared up and his wand snapped between Snape’s eyes; he was ready to kill the man now.

“What papers?” hissed Voldemort.

“A letter to from your mother, some return letters from Dumbledore and some copies of bills from a medi-witch, who helped your mother to deliver yoy and a farewell letter from ... Merope Gaunt,” answered Snape.

Voldemort was shocked beyond belief. He had made all efforts to keep that piece of information secret; he destroyed all papers and documents about the fact that he was a half-blood himself and all traces were destroyed that he was the child from Merope Gaunt and the muggle father.

And now Snape was claiming that Dumbledore was his father? He looked at Snape and he knew that now was the time that he would delve in that traitorous mind to get the information himself. It was time to get rid of this man ... the knowledge of his parentage was far too dangerous in the hand of this ... man.

“There were papers to declare Madam Bones a traitor, Master,” continued Snape quickly. “He prepared the paperwork for the Wizengamot. I also saw a detailed schedule about when he must give

the Byronic Potion to you, Master, because in order to let the Potion work, he must give it every twenty three minutes for four hours, Master.”

“And I saw purchase papers of an elf and a lot of food for the Bones manor and papers about something being called the White Room in the manor, but I don’t know what is,” finished Snape, looking with a straight face at the wand tip, which was still pointing between his eyes.

Something was very wrong here, Voldemort knew. Dumbledore, an old fool he might be, but he was not stupid. There was no way in the world that the old farce would leave papers behind for Snape to copy. No, it was a trap or something like that. Probably it was misinformation, designed to bring him on the wrong track. But whatever it was, Snape roles was to be ended here and now; he must find the identity of the powerful wizard or witch, who manipulated Snape’s mind.

“**Legimence**,” hissed Voldemort and he could see a brief moment of panic on the face of Snape, before he started to scream in pain. There was nothing what could hold him back now, and Voldemort had the intention to destroy the mind of one Severus Snape.

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Harry was sitting on the chair listening to the squabbling girls around him. He felt strange; something was indeed happening to him and that was the fault of Dumbledore. That monster did something to him with his last spell and Harry felt that – what ever it was – was affecting him already. He would turn into a raging monster, if he could believe Daphne and Tonks. At first he could not believe that was possible; he was able to hold the Imperio curse off all by himself, and this curse might be not differently, but he felt ... strange.

It was like a mist was clouding his thoughts and he had problems with focusing himself on the situation at hand. He was now watching Tonks arguing hotly with Daphne and Susan, who was really looking scared. Tonks really looked good, even that her hair was pink ... he body looked developed in certain area’s and that was something he was focusing on at the moment.

Suddenly he realized what he was ogling at the moment and he looked quickly at the white wall. This whole damned room was white ... where the hell did Dumbledore put them in? This white room was working on his nerves and he looked again at the girls.

Susan with her long red brown hair was looking sexy as well; she had large boobs and a pretty face; she was not tall as Tonks, but she certainly looked very sexy as well and Harry unconsciously licked his lips. He was already fantasizing Susan standing naked in front of him and his eyes glazed over momentarily.

"Quiet!" yelled Daphne, looking at Harry.

Both girls held their breath while looking at Harry.

"It's working already," breathed Susan. "Oh Merlin!"

Tonks placed her hand on her shoulder. "There is nothing we can do about it now, Susan," said Tonks softly, still watching Harry sitting on his chair. She noticed his blush and ogling fixedly Susan at the moment, not aware of anyone else.

"We need to act," she whispered. "The thing is that we are married and this was going to happen anyhow," she continued, still eying Harry.

"Why don't we subdue Harry," said Susan uncertainty. "We can bind him with the sheets and then wait until Dumbledore's cures has worn off."

"And then what?" asked Daphne frustrated. "Tomorrow Dumbledore comes back with the Minister guy to check if we have consummated the marriage and when he discovers that we didn't, then we are even in more trouble then we are in now at the moment."

Both girls nodded in aggravation. They all knew what would happen then and that was not an option as well.

"What shall we do now?" asked Susan.

"We will sleep with him one after the other and hope that it will be enough," said Tonks.

"Enough?" asked Susan confused.

"Yeah," answered Tonks. "Enough, I said. The trouble with that curse of Dumbledore is, that the victim ... that means Harry ... will forget about morals and other human values and it will turn him into a raping beast, not caring if he hurt us or not. The only thing what might help us is to lock him up and keep him subdued or keep him satisfied continuously."

"Satisfied?" asked Susan in a high voice.

Daphne sighed next to Susan. "You don't understand, girl. We need to fuck him constantly until the curse wears off, unless you want him to change into a raping monster?"

Susan was watching wide-eyed at Harry and shook his head slowly ...she swallowed visibly. "No ... I mean yes, I understand," and she began too cry softly.

"Who goes first?" asked Tonks nervously. She saw that Harry did not care anymore what was happening around him, except that he was ogling Daphne now and was constantly licking his lips. His was clearly on edge; he constantly changed his position on his chair, like something was uncomfortable and when the situation was not so dire, she would laugh about his situation.

"Not ... no ... I mean ... I don't want to be first!" breathed Susan, swallowing nervously.

"Oh, for Merlin's sake," said Daphne. "It's not so bad," said Daphne annoyed and Tonks could not help to grin, tearing her eyes from Harry and looked at the girls. "So, that means that you are first, Daphne?" asked Tonks cheekily.

Daphne glanced briefly at Harry and back at Tonks. "Well ..."

Tonks laughed ... she could not help it. This situation was funny ... very funny indeed. The great Harry Potter was sitting here ogling

three girls and going to have a time of his life making love with them and his three brides were acting like three nervous virgins and she laughed loudly this time.

“What?” asked Daphne and Susan both annoyed.

And then suddenly it hit Tonks and she stopped laughing right away. They *were* virgins and they were going to be raped or lose their virginity to one Harry Potter, their husband and father of their future children.

“**Children!**” exclaimed Tonks suddenly.

Both Susan and Daphne were looking confused at Tonks.

“That’s what Dumbledore wants!” exclaimed Tonks suddenly. “Now I understand.”

“Children?” asked the confused Susan.

“Yes, he wants that we carry Harry’s children for some reason,” Tonks said, her hair changing one color after the other. “*The bastard!*”

“Children?” repeated Susan again, looking mystified at Tonks. “What do children have to do with ...?”

Daphne paled immediately when realization struck.

“That was what the Wizengamot had decided, not?” Daphne asked. “They wanted to ensure that the Potter line would continue to exist!”

“Yes, but do you really think that the Wizengamot is worried about the Potter family line?” asked Tonks sarcastically. “No, it’s Dumbledore’s plot against Harry!”

“And what about us, then?” asked Daphne frowning.

“We are only little pawns on his grand chessboard,” retorted Tonks hotly. Oh, if Dumbledore would be here and within her reach, she would strangle him right now until his eyes were popping out of his sockets.

Suddenly she noticed that Harry suddenly stood up from his chair and looked at her.

“Tonks,” he dragged slowly in a low voice, his impressively eyes were like burning green lights. “**You - look - very - sexy!**” and he walked towards Tonks. He was not smiling, but looked fixedly at Tonks.

Oh shit, thought Tonks. Here we go!

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Chapter 10 – 13

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A/N: Editor for this chapter is Dave

A/N: **Lemon warning!** - You can find the unrestricted chapters at the Writing Center III Fanfiction. Look for my profile for the correct URL.

The lemon covers part of chapter 10, chapter 11, 12 and a part of chapter 13. They are replaced here with a warning.

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“Legimence,” hissed Voldemort and he could see a brief moment of panic on the face of Snape, before he started to scream in pain. There was nothing what could hold him back now, and Voldemort had every intention of destroying the mind of one Severus Snape.

Voldemort felt his mind penetrating Snape’s and his greasy potion master screamed as he had never before. Voldemort smirked ... he knew that it must hurt a lot and he started to snigger. This feels so good, this torture and it felt even better because this was Snape, the reason for his annoyance for some time now and now he could finish the job and satisfy his need for vengeance and the need to punish the unworthy in his ranks.

White foam started to appear around Snape’s mouth; his eyes were almost bulging out of his sockets and he began to bleed from his ears and nose ... no ... his eyes too! Wonderful it was ... he felt wonderful ... nothing was better then an old fashion torture session as it was happening now and the fact that he was able to torture with his mind only was even better then normal. Now it was time to browse through the mind of his esteemed potion master and see what was going on in his mind.

Voldemort was browsing through his memories ... he was searching for something usable about the old fool and ... but that was a problem because Snape was not for nothing a well established mind reader; his defenses were really impressive. Voldemort realized that Snape had built several defense layers, which Voldemort had already

penetrated, but there was more. He was currently in an area of his mind, which was filled with memories of his past, but he could not find a link to his current situation; he found links to sections which had to do with his parents and his parental home; he found flashes of memories about Bellatrix and Narcissa Black ... well ... in that time she was a Black before she was married to Malfoy, but still he could not find any link to his current situation ... there was nothing pointing to Dumbledore or Potter ... or even to Hogwarts itself ... then ... yes ... there it was ... carefully hidden between memories of What the hell was that?

Voldemort focused on the new found memories and he gasped. That was something he never had guessed. Voldemort was very impressed; he did not find a connection towards any other useful memory, which had to do with the current situation ... if you could see what was going on in his mind, he would say that the man only lived in the past and everything what happened with him the last ten years did not exist! It was truly impressive and Voldemort could not help himself to be impressed with the ability to hide memories, he did not want to share with anyone.

As a good occlumense, he was able to hold people out of his memories by erecting mind shields, which would stop any intrusion of a legilimense like him. But the thing about mind shields was that they were as strong as the wizard or witch was magically, and Voldemort was much stronger than anyone alive. It was not such big deal for him to penetrate the mind shields of anyone, especially Snape here, but what he discovered in Snape was that Snape was a Master Occlumense; such that Snape had the ability to present a legilimense a certain selection of memories, but not the full access to the mind and all memories.

Voldemort's task now was to find the link to the rest of the memories, which were hidden by Snape and that, might be a problem with time. Because of his power, he had crushed the mind shields of Snape in a way, that the man would not be able to recover from this violence ... even when Voldemort would retreat from his mind and let him try to recover and repeat it again at a later point in time. No, that was no option, because Snape would shut down and not recover ever and Voldemort would not be able to access his mind again.

No, he must continue with his current task and try to get the connection to the rest of his memories. Associative browsing of his memories did not seem to work as usual and Voldemort breathed heavily in frustration ... trying to forcefully penetrating his deeper memories did not seem to work either ... he was aware that he was destroying sections of Snape's mind, which would never be able to recover from ... but Voldemort wanted to have results.

He was reviewing now the scenes with Snape and Narcissa Black ... the time before the woman was married to Lucius Malfoy and Voldemort saw that they had had a relationship ... a hidden and secret relationship and Voldemort was carefully now with searching Snape's memories. He witnessed the memories of snogging and ... more and he snorted in revulsion. Shaking his head in disgust he tried to find something new ... normally this information was very interesting for him, but now it had little use, because Snape was done for and could never be used for something else like manipulating Lucius and his hooker of his wife. He knew that love and all that crap was something revolting and the memories of Snape did prove that.

A woman was something evil, something bad and the reason why empires would crash and brought down only because of a woman and the so called love of a leader towards a creature like that Narcissa Black. How could fall the high and mighty Severus Snape because of a woman? Voldemort continued to browse and suddenly he saw it ... a link ... yes ... there it was ... Draco!

Voldemort almost lost his focus ... there was his connection ... his link towards other memories and then he gasped. Draco Malfoy was not the son of Lucius ... ha! He was the son of the esteemed Potion Master and Voldemort could not help to admire the cunning of Snape. He saw him giving a potion to the child, which altered the body of the child ... so that the boy would look like Lucius so that nobody would ever know.

And there were the rest of his memories and Voldemort knew that he was successfully penetrating the next level of Snape's mind defenses and he grinned again. Now the fun will begin, he thought and he focused himself totally on the task ahead. He was curious about the documents Snape mentioned, which stated that Dumbledore would

be his father? What a joke ... and if it would be true, then there was something what he wanted to show the old farce of a headmaster. He would show him who was the strongest in the world ... ever. He knew that his magical powers were enormous, but when you compared it with the old food, he was not sure anymore. He knew that the old white beard was a powerful wizard, but he was not sure how powerful and not to forget that the old man was getting older, and that means that he might be wiser, but not necessarily more powerful.

Voldemort was not aware that Snape's body was trying to collapse while he was delving deeper in the mind of Severus Snape. Voldemort came now to the memories about his tenure as Potion Professor and Voldemort was very interested to watch the secret meetings Snape had with Narcissa Malfoy. So that bitch had a secret love ... and that with Snape of all people, Voldemort sniggered in his thoughts. He really thought that Narcissa Malfoy had a better taste of men. Then he saw Snape swearing a magical oath to protect Draco Malfoy, the bastard son and the eye apple of his precious Lucius. Wait until Lucius would hear the news and Voldemort sniggered again at the expectation of telling Lucius what his wife was doing behind his back and who the real father was from his only son.

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Tonks looked quickly at Daphne and Susan.

"We have to tackle him and bind him to the bed," she said half in panic. **"Help me!"**

Both girls were looking hesitatingly at Tonks, then at Harry and back at Tonks.

"I would love to have a piece of you, Tonkie," purred Harry, looking at Tonks like she was a piece of tasty meat.

That was the remark, which triggered the reaction of the girls. All three of them jumped on Harry, who fell on the bed with the three girls above him. Tonks was leaning on his chest with all her power and kept him pressed on the bed, Susan held his legs and Daphne kept his arms tight against his body.

“What now?” asked the strained Daphne.

“Use the sheets to bind his arms on the bed,” breathed the anxious Tonks.

“Tonks! What the hell are you doing!” yelled Harry; his face became red from the strain on his body.

“Shut it, Harry,” yelled Tonks back. “You will like it when we are ready for you.”

Susan released Harry’s legs, tore a piece of the bed sheet, grabbed his hands with the help of Daphne, bound the sheet around his hands and then to the bed. After she was finished, she looked at his legs, which were now wildly kicking, trying to reach Tonks. Both Susan and Daphne grabbed his kicking legs and held it down and looked questionably at Tonks. Tonks sighed and nodded. She released Harry’s chest, stood up, tore another piece of sheet and bound Harry’s legs to the bed.

When Tonks was finished, she released his breath.

“What now?” asked Susan anxious. “What shall we do now? “

Tonks grinned. “We will have our fun with Harry,” she answered. “What else?”

“What do you mean?” asked Susan.

“Well, if we don’t do anything tonight, then we are in deep trouble tomorrow morning when they are going to check if we have consumed our marriage, not to think about what the magic will do with us,” Tonks said.

Susan held her hand before her mouth and looked shocked.

“But ...”

“No, Susan,” Daphne said. “Tonks is right. If we don’t do anything, it will bring disaster to us and that is not a good idea. I don’t know what

you are thinking about being married, but sex is one of the things what is part of it, if you like it or not. “

Susan looked very unhappy at Daphne, then frightfully at Harry. Her eyes wandered over his body and she felt disgusted, and that showed on her face.

Tonks looked thoughtfully at Susan.

“Susan, are you Lesbian?” Tonks asked softly.

Susan shook her head vehemently. “Of course not!” she exclaimed. “Why do you think so?”

“Because you seem to be afraid of ... Harry,” answered Daphne, who was also looking intently at Susan.

“I’m not,” answered Susan undignified. “How could you think that I am ... you know ... like that.”

“Lesbian?” asked Tonks cheeky.

“Yes ... that,” answered Susan with a red face.

Tonks shook her head and focused on the angry looking Harry.

“When you don’t release me,” began Harry angrily.

“Shut it, Harry,” said Tonks.

“**Why should I?**” spat Harry.

“We will silence you with a piece of sheet,” Tonks answered cheekily.

Harry huffed, but was quiet.

“Alright, girls,” Tonks said. “To hold off that curse, we need to make love with him,” said Tonks, ogling Harry now. “I suggest that we make love with him one after the other and I hope that will keep Dumbledore’s curse down and under control. Maybe it will wear off after we ... you know ... have our way with him.”

Daphne looked shocked at Harry for a moment, but schooled her expression quickly. "And how do you think we are going to do that?" mocked Daphne.

"We start with his cloths," answered Tonks with a grin. "And after that we will see what is next."

Both girls looked shocked at Tonks.

"What do you think I wanted him bound to the bed?" asked Tonks.

Harry was looking very angry now, and before Harry could say a word, Tonks waved her finger at him.

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A/N: - Lemon warning! - You can find the unrestricted chapters at the Writing Center III Fanfiction. Look for my profile for the correct URL.

Partly chapter 10, chapters 11, 12 and a part of chapter 13 are one big continuous lemon and replaced here by this text.

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There was truth in the claim that strength of a wizard was connected to blood. But there was also truth in the claim that the strength of a wizard was connected to the physical size of the magical core. Those two basic aspects of Magic were fundamental in determining the magical strength of a wizard ... or even a witch in some cases.

Look at the Dark Lord Grindelwald. The man was extremely powerful, was pureblood and his magical core was extremely large. Thanks to his magical core, he was able to cast hundreds of curses without taking a break, while average wizards were not able to cast more then fifty before they would be exhausted.

Grindelwald was not born with a large magical core, he used dark rituals to expand them and when he did, he used that advantage to the maximum. He killed personally thousands of muggles and hundreds of magical people, not to mention the magical beasts and the thousands of House Elves, which he hated for unknown reason.

Grindelwald found the dark rituals in a book, which was written by Septimius Grendel in the eight century, who was the Dark Lord of that time. He was infamous for writing the *Rite Of the Seven Virgins*, *Rite Of Death And Destruction* and the last, but not least the *Rite Of Empowerment*.

The last rite, the Rite of Empowerment, was being used by Grindelwald to increase his magical core, but there was a price to pay. In order to increase the magical core, he was forced to loose a part of his soul. A soul was useless for a Dark Wizard, so that would not be a problem. The other name of a soul was exchange money; you can use your soul to buy yourself some advanced enhancements or protections.

There are not many wizards currently alive with a large magical core ... except Potter ... Harry Potter, the boy-who-lived and survived-the-whole-thing-again. He was one of the rare people, who's magical core was the largest ever seen before this century. The only thing about his magical core was that it was still not stabilized at the moment, because Potter was still too young. When he would be seventeen years old, then his magical core would stop growing and forming ... and then ...

And then there was Dumbledore. He managed to increase his magical core in different ways. There is nothing written down, there were no facts on paper and there was nobody in the world who could tell in detail how Dumbledore had managed that without loosing parts of his soul or the price he paid. The only thing what was sure was that he managed to increase his core ... full stop. What ever could be claimed about the old goose, he couldn't deny that he was powerful, because *that* ... he was.

On the other side, there were ways to shrink someone's magical core as well. That's quite interesting material for thoughts as well and also

here are rites designed for establish that. Those rites were divided into two parts; the first one was rites designed for children and the other one was designed for adults. The last group of rites were always fatal for the victim, but the effects were spectacular; it would turn the victim into a magical bomb.

There was a time that Voldemort played with the thought of applying the rite on Harry Potter. If he would be able to apply a rite on him and send him to Hogwarts, he would be able to take out Potter and Dumbledore ... and everyone who lived in Hogwarts and surroundings. But that is too late now, and he must look for other ways to end the life of the boy-who-lived.

Coming back to the subject, he was still contemplating how Dumbledore had managed to increase his magical core without the Rite of Empowerment. Voldemort had his suspicions

One way could be triggering a magical shock within the wizard. In this way you could force the magic to multiply and force itself to increase the virtual bag of his magical core. The risk of course is that the magical core refuses to increase and then the wizard would implode. Another risk would be that the core would expand indeed, but the magical influx could decrease, with as result that the wizard had a large magical core without magical power and the result would be the same as a squib.

Then the other way to increase someone's magical core was applying sex magic. Sex magic was ancient magic, which was never well researched and understood. This was also one of the few areas where Voldemort never had the chance to study in detail, because one of the requirements for sex magic was good stamina. There were also not many books about this subject. The last well written books written about sex magic were written at the times of Ra in Egypt.

What he understood of sex magic was that the wizard would link his magical core with the witch and when they would reach the ecstasy together at the same time, their magical cores would be interlinked. The wizard would have instantly have access to the magical core of the witch when required. It was not a real expansion of the wizard's magical core, but it was close.

Voldemort did not think that Dumbledore applied any sex magic, but he suspected that he triggered his magical core, so that it could expand. The best way to do this was one month before he would turn seventeen, the age of adulthood.

Suddenly Voldemort's eyes went wide in realization. He knew what was going on at the moment with the little brat. He was forced to fuck his brides in Bone's manor ... he had a large magical core and ... sex magic was a large word and the rites for sex were unknown to him ... but ... the prophecy had said that he had a power the Dark Lord does not know!

This was not good! Voldemort had a very bad feeling about this and ... he must act as fast as possible! He must attack the brat and destroy him before something could happen ... Merlin knows what was going on in his head.

"Wormtail!"

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Chapter 14 – Battle

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A/N: Dave is the editor as usual

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There were first times for anyone, even for him, the Greatest Wizard all times and at his advanced age. It was the first time that the Minister was listening to him without protesting. It was also the first time that a Minister employee came with him without protesting and it was the first time that everything went smoothly during an operation. It was the first time that he could implement something as was planned and the results were looking fine to him.

He smiled warmly while walking through the corridors of the Ministry building on his way to the apparition point on the first floor with the Minister employee next to him, who would inspect Potter and to see if the brat had been able to impregnate his wives. This was the day that he would finish off that brat of a Potter and thus today was the best day ever. But first he wanted to be sure that the brides were pregnant and if they were, he would kill the brat and be done with it. Lock the brides up somewhere safe with some house elves and wait until they are born. Then he would get rid of the mothers and that was that.

He felt confident that he could get away with it. The fact that the boy would disappear was something he was not worried about. He would personally take charge of the search for the poor boy. No, that would be fun. The only thing which worried him a bit was the brides. The problem was the number of brides, which suddenly disappeared. But he could always blame on his son. It would be really something that only Voldemort would do and the people in Britain would eat it like sweet cookies. They were so stupid and easy to manipulate; they were nothing else than sheep.

The whole thing here was to keep a low profile and to be patient; no mistake must be made and there was no place or time for any misunderstanding between him and the wizarding world. He was the greatest wizard of all time and nobody would doubt that. And it was true. He never felt himself as powerful as he felt now. He knew that

even his son would be hard pressed to make a dent in his defenses, even with the Prophecy.

The prophecy, yes ... that damned Prophecy. How could fate be so cursed to make a Prophecy and place it on the head of the Potter brat. What was that brat thinking? Was he thinking about himself so powerful that he could defeat a powerful wizard like him? Dumbledore almost sniggered at that thought. Well, assuming that Tom was the Dark Lord of course and the Brat had no idea what went on behind the surface! Nobody had an idea who the real Dark Lord was. Not even his own son, who supposed to be the Dark Lord at the moment. The real Dark Lord was him of course and Dumbledore was proud of that.

For so many years he was working behind the scenes and was able to manipulate not only the Magical world in Brittan, but the whole world. Dumbledore knew that he was not the most powerful wizard in the world ... there are other things then strength in magic and body; there was the strength of mind. Over the years he had worked behind the scenes and he had deceitfully killed the most powerful ones in one or other ways and now he was the only one surviving. The last most powerful wizard alive was a Japanese wizard, who he managed to poison very artfully. The poison was not noticeable by normal means and in fact it was not a poison, except when combined in eating raw fish and the old wizard died painfully.

There were some people who could cause some problems for him and this morning he had put a stop at that ... well ... at least for one person. Madam Bones was now officially a criminal who had flown the coop. She was now wanted and searched for by her own Aurors for the crime of kidnapping. According the Minister she had kidnapped the Longbottom brat,. He gave the order to arrest Madam Bones if the Aurors could find her. It was very surprising for Dumbledore as to how easy that went. He only told the Minister that Madam Bones had kidnapped several children and the Minister did not even ask him questions; he simply reacted. Dumbledore suspected that the Minister did not like Madam Bones and that he was happy that he had something against her at last. Another political opponent removed. The only thing that Dumbledore must do is kidnap the Longbottom brat himself and shift the blame to Madam

Bones. He was thinking on killing the boy and leave his body at the doorsteps of the Bones Manor after he was finished with Porter and his hookers.

Now Dumbledore and the Ministry wizard reached the apparation point of the Ministry.

“Master McGowan, we need to go to the Bones manor, where Mr. Potter and his brides are residing at the moment. Are you able to apparate to the Manor?” Dumbledore asked the wizard respectfully.

“Yes, Headmaster,” McGowan answered. “There will be no problem with that. I will see you there.” McGowan concentrated briefly and disappeared with a loud plop, quickly and quietly followed by Dumbledore.

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Dumbledore and McGowan arrived at the apparition point in front of the Bones manor, right outside the wards. It was early in the morning and the first thing what Dumbledore noticed was the quietness, which seemed very unnatural to him. The manor was a two story building with a lot of ancient wood and white plaster. It was built hundreds of years ago in a style which you could see implemented in Spain. The roof was obviously dark wood, the many windows surrounded by a thick oak frame, also dark, but the walls were white plaster interwoven with all kind of plants with a lot of flowers. Large oak trees surrounded the manor and everything was surrounded by a lustrous green. Looking at a beautiful manor like that, you would expect to hear the birds singing, soft sound of animals and the leaves of the large trees moving by the wind, but there was no sound!

Dumbledore froze and looked suspicious around him. Something was wrong. McGowan had not noticed anything wrong and the man was walking towards the manor unsuspectingly and not aware of anything wrong.

Dumbledore pulled his wand from his cloak and was at ready. He extended his magic outward to see if there were people hidden and if so, where they were.

He could feel McGowan when his magical senses were expanding and he froze. He felt several people surrounding them ... bad people ... he could feel their Dark Marks ... those were Death Eaters who were surrounding them. They walked into a trap. Dumbledore focused more ... he was curious if his son was here, but felt nothing then only the poor souls surrounding them. There were twenty of them waiting for them. Dumbledore was not worried about those Death Eaters, but he was worried about the fact that those Death Eaters were here; that meant that there could be more already be inside of the manor and interfering with his plans for the Potter brat and his hookers! This changed things!

The tension went up and the feeling of potent magic went up. Even McGowan felt something now and he hesitated for a moment and stopped walking. He turned towards Dumbledore and raised his eyebrows.

“What’s that ...” began McGowan.

At that moment twenty poisonous green beams of magical energy erupted from twenty wands and flew directly at Dumbledore. There was almost no sound and vague whispers; the killing curses were cast almost silently.

Dumbledore was ready for this the moment that he detected the Death Eaters. He dropped himself flat on his stomach on the ground and the green beams traveled silently over his body. He whirled his wand in a circular movement over his head and yelled loudly.

“Protego Flamma”

This was the incantation of the fire shield, but Dumbledore had tweaked the spell ages ago. This fire shield did not protect him from spells, and originally it surrounded the caster with a wall of fire to keep water creatures away from him.

No, he had tweaked the spell in a way that when he was surrounded by aggressors like now, they would be hit by an expanded wall of fire.

Dumbledore was surrounded by a wall of fire and the firewall expanded rapidly. What he had forgotten was McGowan, who stood

in the path between Dumbledore and the Death Eaters and the Ministry wizard was reduced to ashes the moment he was engulfed by the firewall. The wall expanded rapidly and within a second, half of the Death Eaters were in flames. They were using invisibility cloaks obviously, as they were invisible, but the cloaks seemed to burn like straw in a fireplace. Dumbledore stood up quickly and pointed his wand towards the few Death Eaters not burning yet. There were some Death eaters who were able to use their heads and they were surrounded by water- and ice shields to keep the firewall away from them.

“Egi Actum Stilla”

That was the solid lead drops curse that Dumbledore was using. The Death Eater closest to Dumbledore was screaming in pain, as he was hit by droplets of lead and the man died instantly. The Death Eater behind him was hit by the lead in his face and he went down screaming as well. And then there was only one Death Eater left alive and he plopped away quickly.

Dumbledore grinned and looked around him. Well, that was fun, and there was nobody else left alive, until he saw the smoking body of McGowan. Well, that was irritating; now he needed to return to the Ministry to get another one for the inspection. It was not really needed, because if Potter had not done his duty last night, he would be a squib right now. But Dumbledore needed the official confirmation for the papers and to prove beyond doubt that the children from the hookers would be Potters. He needed their money and influence and votes at the Wizengamot.

But first better check up on the Potter brat and his hookers and see if everything was safe. Maybe he should move them somewhere else first; it was obviously not safe here. Dumbledore walked towards the manor with his wand in his hand ready for anything. He noticed that the wards of the manor were gone and that was not good news. That could mean that the Death Eaters were already with Potter and his hookers!

When Dumbledore was twenty meters away from the manor, he noticed movement within the manor. Wand pointing to the manor,

Dumbledore was ready for anything. The door opened slowly and Dumbledore took several steps back. He let his magic swirl again, but he could feel nothing ... like certain emptiness within the manor. Dumbledore's eyes narrowed. There were wards within the house ... wards, which were not there the last time he was here ...

"Hello ... father," came a voice from the darkness of the house.

Dumbledore froze.

And there he was, his son stepping through the open door with a wand in his hand, but pointing to the ground.

"Father!" repeated Voldemort with a deep voice.

Dumbledore said nothing. He was waiting for the things to come. The only thing he was curious about was how Voldemort had found out.

"I bet you want to know how I discovered that you are my father, old man," said Voldemort, like he was reading his mind.

Dumbledore tightened his mental shields, his wand pointed at Voldemort. His magic was whirling wildly around him, but said nothing.

"Snape is your traitor," said Voldemort with a grimace. "I have dealt with him accordingly."

"What did you do with Harry?" asked Dumbledore. He could not help himself asking this question, because Potter was the most important thing at the moment. He needed the brat to be alive until he was sure that the women were pregnant. Even if the brat was not able to do his duty as newly wedded husband, he had uses as a squib. He would force him to fuck the girls if needed.

"Ah, you mean Potter," answered Voldemort amused. He stepped from the door opening and pointed over his shoulder.

"He is still alive," said Voldemort, bring his wand up pointing at Dumbledore. "His wives are alright too."

"Tom, if you know what is good for you ... go away," said Dumbledore calmly.

"But father, it is so nice to meet my father at last," taunted Voldemort. "Now that I know that you are my father, I am not a half blood anymore. I feel so happy because of that. And all of that thanks to you, my loving father."

Dumbledore narrowed his eyes. "If you don't look out, I will destroy you here and now, Tom. This is my last warning; go away before you get hurt."

Voldemort sniggered.

"I know of the Prophecy," Voldemort sneered slowly. He was not taunting Dumbledore anymore. Now it is business as usual. "And I mean the full prophecy."

Dumbledore hesitated.

"No, not from Potter, but Snape," answered the unasked question from Dumbledore. "That means that you can't defeat me, old man and I am not going anywhere."

That was a serious complication in his plans. Tom was right of course. He would not be able to kill Tom here, but Tom might be able to kill him instead. If the Prophecy was correct, only Potter would be able to defeat Tom ... or his children. Damn what a frustration.

"*Pryus Impactus*" whispered Voldemort.

A bluish beam of magical energy burst out of his wand and hit Dumbledore straight in his chest. The spell was originally a bludgeoning curse, but it was tweaked with a jet of fire, which followed the bludgeoning curse directly.

Dumbledore was blown ten meters backwards and was instantly hit with the heat of the following fire. His beard was on fire and Dumbledore felt the hit break most of his ribs. He swirled his wand towards Voldemort and silently cast the Black Death curse.

A black beam travelled almost instantly towards Voldemort who at the last moment jumped aside of the curse. The Black Death was instantly followed by two Jierda curses, the so called bone breakers curses. The Jierda curse was slightly more powerful then a conventional bone breakers curse, which was borderline dark magic, but the Jierda curse was real dark magic.

Voldemort was hit in his wand arm by one Jierda curse and he screamed in pain. All bones in his arm were pulverized and what was left was sticking out of his skin, which felt like it was surrounded by liquid fire.

Voldemort switched his wand to his other hand.

“Thyrsta” he whispered. This was another dark curse, which compress things when hit. If he would manage to hit Dumbledore with this curse, it would be over for the old man, because it would destroy his body instantly.

Dumbledore whirled his wand and a shield appeared in front of the curse and the Thyrsta was bounced back towards Voldemort, who instantly stepped aside of the curse.

“Avada Kedavra,” screamed Voldemort immediately, while the Thyrsta was passing him centimetres away from his shoulders.

Dumbledore conjured a small wall between him and the fast approaching killing curse and the two powerful wizards started to duel seriously. Many curses travelled between the two wizards, collapsing against and bouncing from their shields. The space between the two battling wizards was filled with multicoloured beams of deadly lights. Many curses hit the manor and the trees surrounding the manor and several of the ancient oak trees were already burning. The manor behind Voldemort was strangely not burning ... like something was absorbing the perilous curses ...

Large statues were rising from the ground, attacking the Voldemort from all sides, to be pulverized by flashes of light coming from his wand; clouds of poisonous gas surrounding the headmaster, who could easily ignore it with strong shining bubble head charms around his head, responding with combinations of hell hounds and strange

looping beams of his curses, all of them blacker than the blackest curse in the definition of dark magic according the Ministry of Magic.

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Wormtail did not exist anymore. Voldemort had left Wormtail behind to guard Harry and his girls while he personally would wait for Dumbledore with his twenty Death Eaters.

Harry and his brides had no wands, no way to defend themselves and no hope to escape, until Voldemort disappeared with his troop of rapists and murderers. And then there was only Wormtail left in the room, looking at the girls and continuously licking his lips. Everyone knew what would happen when Voldemort would return with his band of rapists. He would rape the girls and then kill them all.

The strange thing of everything was that all the girls were looking fixedly at Wormtail instead of nervous and emotionally. Harry was amazed or ... surprised? He would have thought that the girls would be devastated by the presence of a Death Eater, but they were not! After Voldemort came into the white room, everyone was paralyzed in fear; he, the girls ... or better his wives now, but the Death Eaters too. It was clear that Voldemort was a terror for everything alive, dark or light. And he was indeed terrifying, he was more then the monster from your worst nightmares.

Voldemort started to taunt him and his wives and was describing what he had in mind for Harry and the girls and the Death Eaters were grinning hesitatingly when Voldemort was busy to describe how he would kill each of the girls. But the strange thing was that suddenly Voldemort was distracted and changed suddenly. He looked up and froze for a moment ... like he was listening for something. And suddenly he jumped into action. He ordered Wormtail to stay and the rest of the Death Eaters he ordered to leave with him. Voldemort left the white room without looking back and his Death Eaters followed him immediately.

And then it started. His wives changed their composure and changed into something where Harry had no words for. Tonks he could imagine, but not Daphne and Susan!

There was something what Dumbledore did to him; it changed him into a wild monster, who wanted to rape anyone around him. It was still working ... there was still a strong pull in his soul, which make him touch the girls and ... more. He wanted to fuck them more then ever and he was very hard pressed to stop that feeling. It was much easier to stop that feeling when there was danger, but now the danger was gone, the feeling was back. Even when there was Wormtail ogling his girls, the feeling came back. He felt that Wormtail was not somebody of a threat ... he felt that he could kill Wormtail on the spot and then he had free rein on the girls again and he could feel something familiar stirring again and he licked his lips and looked more carefully at the arse of Susan. She was a looker that girl, he thought gleefully.

Daphne pulled her nightgown higher up her well formed legs. Wormtail and Harry's eyes stared fixedly at Daphne's legs ... both males licking their suddenly dry lips. Her nipples were pointing through the thin material of the nightgown and that held the attention of Wormtail, until he was hit by a chair on his head. Tonks was the one who was fast enough to get away with it. But the result was a bit more extreme then she expected. The chair hit Wormtail at the back of his head and he died instantly. The contents from his head; his brains; were leaking out of the back of his head; his eyes were wide open with still the expression of lust in his eyes. Susan threw up instantly when she saw that.

Harry did not look up from the arse of Daphne now. He was not interested in Wormtail anymore, but his cock was bulging out of his boxers and his tongue was hanging out of his mouth; the saliva was leaking out of the corner of his mouth. He wanted to fuck Daphne on the spot.

The betrayer of Harry's parents and tormentor of the Godfather was finally dead and Harry had no idea ... his attention was totally captivated by the attractive behind of Daphne.

Tonks grabbed Wormtail's wand, looked at him briefly and turned to the only door in the White Room. She pointed the wand to the door, whispered something under her breath and the door clicked open. She looked briefly at Harry and the rest of the girls and opened the

door further. She was being careful; because it was a very good possibility that there were Death Eaters on guard, but there was nobody at the moment. The only thing that was different was the noise outside. Like ... there were people battling; crashes of impacting curses, and the flickering lights of magic outside. Were they being rescued? Were the Aurors storming the manor to rescue them?

Tonks and the girls went quickly through the door and Harry's reaction was astonishment and surprise. Where were his birds now? Where were they going? He wanted to fuck them and now they were gone?

He frowned. That was not nice, that was low and mean! He wanted to have a fuck and now his birds were creeping away from him? His birds were flying away without him? Harry started to become angry! They were flying away from him? They had the guts to fly? Harry started to see red around him and he became very angry. The air was whirling around him because his anger and he growled in a low voice.

"What the shit," he growled, his green eyes flashing in anger.

He stood up and walked through the door following his birds. He really needed a fuck and if his birds were flying, something or someone would pay for it, he thought darkly. And if Dumbledore would stand there, he would rip his head off. In the back of his mind was a little voice screaming, but Harry ignored it. No time for nonsense ... he needed a fuck and that was that and if the birds were not willingly to give it to him, he would get the bird himself and get what he wanted ... Dumbledore and consequences be damned.

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Chapter 15 – Final Battle

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A/N: Dave is the editor as usual

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Tonks was gazing through a small window next to the main entrance of the manor with Wormtail's wand in her hand. Behind her were Susan and Daphne looking over her shoulders.

They were watching a surreal scene in front of them; two wizards fighting a magical battle against each other, where the space between both wizards was being filled with colors, strange sketchy dark figures moving between them, exploding when reaching one of the wizards, fire was everywhere; trees were burning, the road and stones were melting, smoke was everywhere, but wildly whirling around by invisible forces and everything was silent.

It looked like they were watching a muggle movie without sound! At the far end they saw the snake like figure jumping up and down with its burning red slits instead of eyes and they understood that was you-know-who. More closer to the manor stood the proud figure of Albus Dumbledore, like he was defending the manor against the onslaught of you-know-who.

Suddenly a bright beam burst out of the wand of Voldemort, travelling extremely fast towards Dumbledore, who only could jump away at the last moment and before the girls could react, the beam continued travelling at them ... straight to the small window where they looked out from ... and it disappeared straight in front of their surprised eyes and before it could do any harm.

The red beam was immediately followed by other colored beams; black, yellow, orange and dirty brown ... there were pink swirling beams of destructive magical energy flying everywhere and Dumbledore was returning the same as you-know-who was firing at Dumbledore and the house.

Some of the beams collapsed on the ground in front of the house and the ground exploded with a very impressive display of flying stones and fireballs; when they hit the house they disappeared exactly the same as the first red beam of magic.

"It's a ward," murmured Tonks, still looking what was happening outside. "It's a ward, which protects the house," she repeated and continued looking. Daphne was still looking at the Dark Lord and was wondering if they would survive their ordeal. Susan in the mean time

started to think about Harry. They left Harry behind in the room and she had no idea what was happening with him.

She looked over her shoulder and she was frozen for a moment. She saw two glowing green orbs staring at her and she felt her chest contracting in fear before she realized that it was Harry and the eerie light gave his bright green eyes a special hue.

“Harry!” she whispered half relieved, half worried.

“Yeahhhhhhhhhhh,” he whispered back and moved quickly to Susan. He grabbed her shoulders, turned her quickly around. Then his hand flew to her hips and pulled her up and before ...

A/N: Lemon warning. For the uncut version of this chapter, go to the Writing Center III Fanfiction. The URL is in the profile.

In the mean time the fight outside the manor continued; multiple beams crashed against the manor without sound and any visible effects, while Dumbledore returned a salvo with his own set of multicoloured beams of destructive energy, which made the ground around Voldemort, melt.

Voldemort suddenly lifted himself high up into the air and used both of his hands to throw black orbs, which missed Dumbledore at the last moment again, and the old man suddenly had a large whip in his hand. At the end of the whip were bluish glowing orbs, which were flashing angrily and he pulled ... the whip hit Voldemort in his legs and the Dark Lord screeched in agony.

Dumbledore grimaced and pulled his whip back to prepare himself for another one, when Voldemort suddenly stopped and froze. Dumbledore’s eyes went wide and he turned towards the manor and he froze too. He showed Voldemort his back ... he knew ... but he could not help it, because what he felt was ... indescribable.

Both wizards felt it ... that was Potter ... fucking someone ... the red slits of Voldemort flashed with energy and the eyes of Dumbledore flashed with pale fire ... this was ... strange.

Tonks and Daphne were watching fixedly what happened outside the manor. They were amazed by the display of such magical powers of both wizards. They never had seen something like that, such powers. They didn't even know that was at all possible!

And suddenly they froze ... both wizards stopped what they were doing and they turned ... they looked straight at them. This brought Tonks out of a stupor and she threw herself backward as if she could avoid the burning eyes of both wizards outside and collapsed against a paralysed Daphne. Both girls fell on the floor in a heap and when Tonks looked wildly around her, she saw something even more oddly; Susan being fucked by Potter ... and all of that while there was a life and death battle going on outside the manor, and Potter had the guts to continue fucking them.

A/N: Lemon warning. For the uncut version of this chapter, go to the Writing Center III Fanfiction. The URL is in the profile.

... when the door imploded with a lot of noise. The next moment he felt small wooden splinters penetrating his face and chest and upper arms; the rest was shielded by the body of Susan, who received the blunt of the explosion of wood splinters from the imploding door.

Harry saw red ... someone was hurting his woman, when he was fucking her? Who the hell was thinking that they could disturb Harry Potter while he was fucking his wives? Vaguely he noticed curses coming from the outside of the manor slamming into the walls behind him.

Next to Harry he could hear Tonks and Daphne screaming in pain and terror; they were obviously hit by the splinters too and that was the moment Harry saw red. He pointed his hands towards Tonks and he willed the wand he remembered that she had in her hand to him with everything he had. The wand was torn from Tonks hand and flew straight into Harry's hand, but with a much more power then Harry had anticipated. The wand jumped at him like it was a knife and it penetrated his hand immediately.

Harry did not feel the pain of the wand penetrating his hand, because he suddenly saw the figure of Albus Dumbledore, the asshole who did this to him. Behind Dumbledore Harry could see another figure,

which looked very familiar, but he could not believe what he saw. That could not be Voldemort, could it? Blood poured from his hand, but still no pain.

Harry felt terrible, he wanted to fuck, but these mother fuckers were stopping him to do so. The great pull from his soul was forcing him to put his cock in female pussy and what was he doing? Yeah, right, he was playing with some old mother fuckers. Harry became angrier by the second. How could those old geezers do this to him? His eyes were now like fire ... his magic pouring out of his skin ... oh shit ... he was so angry.

And the strangest thing happened. The figure of Dumbledore, with his wand in his hand, was looking at him dumbstruck, his mouth half open, his white beard in disarray ... his pointy wizarding head dropped from his wise looking head and was peeping through the destroyed door. Harry Potter was there ... he could see him very clearly and he did not look pleased! He did not remember that he poured so much magic in his rape spell on Harry that it would make him so upset? And when he looked at him, he could not help himself to feel very impressed with the boy. What a display of oppressed magic the boy displayed. If he would be well trained, the boy would be able to form a threat against himself ... its good that he decided to get rid of the boy.

Behind Dumbledore, the figure of Voldemort ran full speed towards the broken door, but Dumbledore did not notice him; he was still staring with wide eyes at the Harry Potter with his flaming green eyes, a wand pierced through his hand, blood dripping from its wound, in front of him a bleeding girl, groaning softly because of her wounds; the green ablaze eyes were focused on his own.

And suddenly something heavy collapsed against Dumbledore's back and he was thrown forwards towards Potter. He fell with his chest on the floor; his head was only centimetres away from the bleeding girl and a pressure of a heavy body was on his back! Dumbledore was shaken from his daze ... that was Voldemort who was laying on his back and pinning him down to the ground, but Dumbledore still had his wand in his hand.

The Dark Lord, aka Voldemort, was glaring at the Potter brat in front of him. He had no idea what happened with the brat, but he did not like what he saw. The boy was glowing of power; something he never seen before in his life. The boy was surrounded by a greenish shield of some sort and his eyes were deep pools of green lava, spilling out of his eyes and the sense of power was very noticeable.

“Avada Kedavra” a firm voice came from under Voldemort. Dumbledore acted out of instinct and attacked his son as first.

“Reducto” came from Harry from his outstretched bleeding hand; he acted because of frustration and a power surge.

“Crucio” came from Voldemort as his habit was; it was the first spell he could think off at the moment.

The time stood still ... this was the moment of truth and the final play of this drama between the two most feared and powerful wizards the world had ever seen and the subjects of a prophecy. This was the moment of truth ... and who was the real Dark Lord?

Voldemort was struck by the killing curse from Dumbledore. A hellish piercing pain travelled through the body of the Dark Lord, but it did not kill him as Dumbledore had hoped for. Voldemort was surrounded by the green glow of the killing curse briefly and was screaming for his life.

Dumbledore was hit by the Crucio curse from Voldemort; an intense pain shot through his crotch where he was hit by the Crucio curse from Voldemort and Dumbledore screamed in agony, dropping his wand. Such pain he never had felt in his whole life ... ever. Because of the killing curse, the Crucio curse was immediately cancelled, but it did not make the pain less. The pain was really the worst Dumbledore ever felt; nothing was as bad as this.

Then the deep red beam of the Reducto curse hit Dumbledore straight in his neck, crushing and destroying everything it touched and slammed against the floor next to Dumbledore, who died on the spot. His head was separated form his body, still the agonizing expression on his face, slowly rolling away from Dumbledore's shuddering body.

Everything froze ... nobody moved.

The girls were looking paralysed at the scene in front of them, Dumbledore's head slowly rolling over the floor, blood spattered everywhere, streaming from his still quivering and shaking headless body ... the trembling body of Voldemort, half on the body of his father and half over the floor, the red slits in his face now dim and dull, staring at the head from his father, laying in pools of blood, being attacked again by waves of pain caused by the failed killing curse of his father ... his father, who was now dead.

Voldemort did not feel anything special. He thought that he hated the old man, but the strange thing was he did not. He also did not have any feeling for the old farce either, but that made no difference. He really thought that the old man, who was the cause of his torment so many years ago, would give him some satisfaction when he would die in front of his eyes, but it did not.

And in front of him was the boy who killed him ... he was the only person blocking his way to world dominion ... the only one who could hurt him ... maybe stop him and Voldemort tried to focus himself through the waves of pain travelling through his body once again. He grabbed his father's wand, because he lost his own when he was hit by his father's killing curse and tried to tighten his grip on the strange wand.

And suddenly the thought struck him. He knew who the real Dark Lord was, who was mentioned in the Prophecy. It was not his father as he had feared, but it was him. His father could not kill him; nobody could kill him. He had reached his eternal life, he could not die and he had reached his goal! He could live forever! Such joyous thoughts went through his mind that he did not pay attention on what was happening around him. He never saw the chair coming, which slammed at the back of his head with great strength and Voldemort saw black for several moments before he could blink his eyes and saw the pink haired woman looking horror stricken to him, trying to see how he would react. It was obvious that she was the one who slammed the chair on his head! He would teach her to touch the real Dark Lord, Voldemort thought menacingly.

Voldemort reacted extremely fast. He pointed the wand towards the girl.

“Avada Kedavra”

Tonks was struck in her chest by the green killing curse and she died on the spot.

“Nooooooooooooooooo!” screamed Harry horrified and he trusted his hand towards Voldemort, streams of blood spattered everywhere.

“Incendio” Harry screamed at Voldemort, who was hit immediately by flames in his face. The distance between him and the brat was much too small ... every curse would hit him almost instantly. Voldemort jumped blindly on his feet, taking his wand and pointed it on his face, all the while wailing in pain because of the soaring heat of the flames in his face.

“Aguamenti” he yelled quickly before his tongue was burned. A stream of water came out of the wand and covered the flames on his face. He felt instantly relieve ... now he needed to get away from Potter and come back another time. In the mean time he could kill anyone and anything; only Potter would be able to stop him. He almost felt happy because of that. Now to get away, healing would come later. Voldemort breathed deeply in ... he needed to run now and he tried to open his eyes but could not; they were burned together ... probably melted together because of the heat of the fire curse of Potter. Potter would burn for that, Voldemort thought.

Harry was so angry. That asshole killed Tonks and who could he fuck now? And suddenly Harry became very calm. That asshole did not suffer enough, but enough was enough and now it is time to kill the mother fucker.

“Reducto” Harry’s voice came from behind Voldemort and that was the last thing the Dark Lord heard before his head exploded.

The heavy body of the Dark Lord fell on the floor next to Dumbledore’s body. Both of them had no head anymore and both of them were still bleeding. Dumbledore’s red blood was mixed with the black blood of Voldemort. Above their bodies was a faint outline of a

dark shade, which became paler by the second until they both disappeared.

Susan with heavy cuts in her face and upper arms was staring shocked at the two evil men, Daphne was leaning her back to the wall, because she was hit by a stray curse and she knew she would die soon; her legs were separated from her body and her life blood was leaving her quickly.

Harry was looking at his hand, pulled the wand out and murmured a quick healing spell, then looked around him.

Behind him he heard the last breath of Daphne, then looked sadly at Tonks, than at his two tormentors and then he looked at Susan Bones, his only surviving wife.

Susan looked at his wand. She really wanted that he could cure her cuts as well, but she was again shocked in what Harry proposed to her.

“Let’s have a fuck,” he said with a lopsided grin.

- The End -

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A/N: I am not writing a follow up, or anything more (or less) about this story. I personally hated it, I disliked it and I really don’t want to read it myself ever again. So, with this original end I wave you all good bye and get a life.

Ha, ha, ha!

A/N: Anyhow, for all of you, who are reading this story at the Fanfiction dot net, this is the reduced cut-off version. In the Writing Center Fanfiction you can find the uncut version with the lemons and naughty language. As usual, get the URL in our profile.

A/N: If someone reads this story (till the end), then you must thank Dave, my editor; he made it readable.

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A/N: Dave is the editor as usual

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